

Miss America

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NOVEMBER



EXCITING ROMANCE:

"LESS
THAN
LOVE!"

in this issue } **3 BIG PATSY WALKER** STORIES

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UP TO 5 lbs. A WEEK

YET EAT PLENTY!



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The New, Scientific Way to

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Are you in the know?



Will you score with your stadium squire, if you're

- ☐ Cheer-happy
- ☐ Sweet and silent
- ☐ A quiz kid

Gals should know football! — squires complain. Block that "kick" — by boning up, beforehand. Then get with the game! Have

fun! Better to cheer your head off than be sweetly mute or a question-box. And don't let calendar interference faze you. Just depend on Kotex: it's made to stay soft while you wear it. And teamed with a Kotex Sanitary Belt (all-elastic — adjustable — bind-proof!) Kotex keeps you in blissful comfort, from kickoff to final whistle!



What's this paper doll trying to do?

- ☐ Get into print
- ☐ Scoop the news
- ☐ A slight-of-hand trick

Are outsize paws your problem? They'll seem smaller if you make them less conspicuous. With one hand, practice crumpling a sheet of newspaper into a ball. That's a trick to limber hands, lend them grace... (a confidence builder!). At "those" times, too, you can gain self-assurance... with Kotex, and that exclusive safety center. And because Kotex comes in 3 sizes, you can choose the napkin suited to you.



What this lonesome lass lacks is —

- ☐ Goldilocks
- ☐ Good standing
- ☐ Gorgeous gams

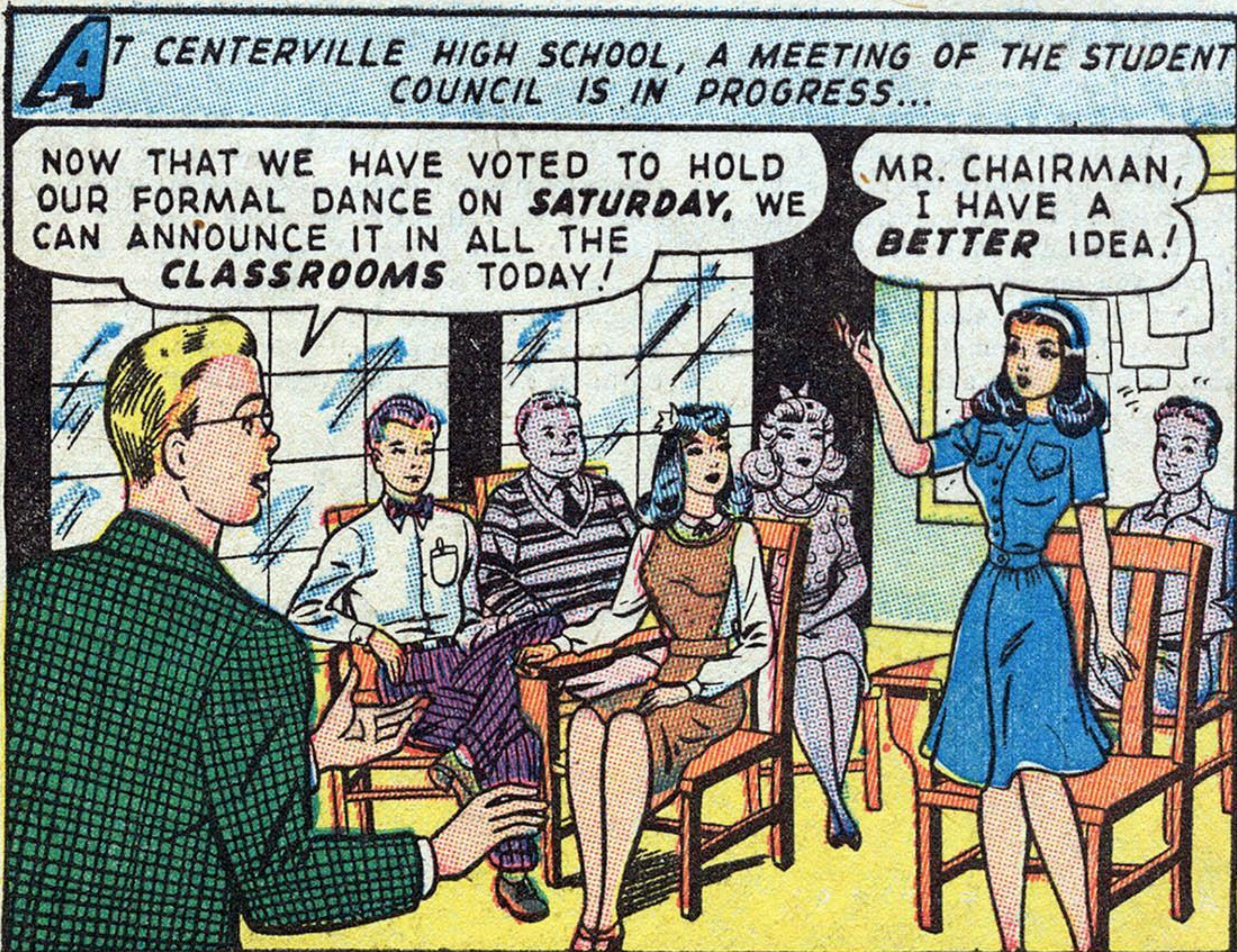
It takes more than honey-hued tresses and trim pegs to make an impression. Avoid that Leaning Tower look. Since it comes from toting textbooks on one favored side — shift the ballast! Good standing improves your poise. Of course, poise is yours for the asking on difficult days — when you've asked for Kotex. Naturally! Because flat pressed ends prevent telltale outlines. Be a smoothie with Kotex!

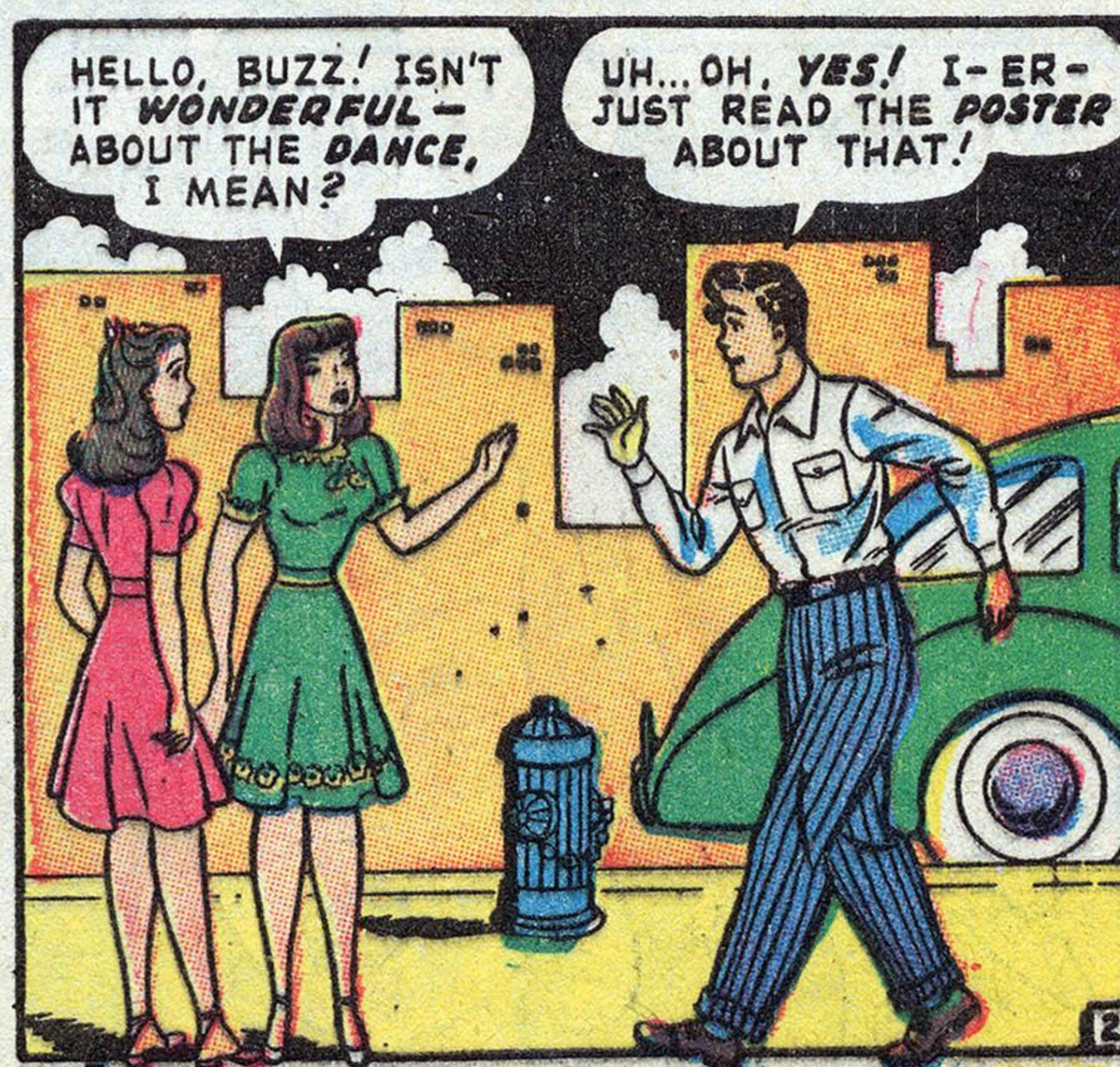
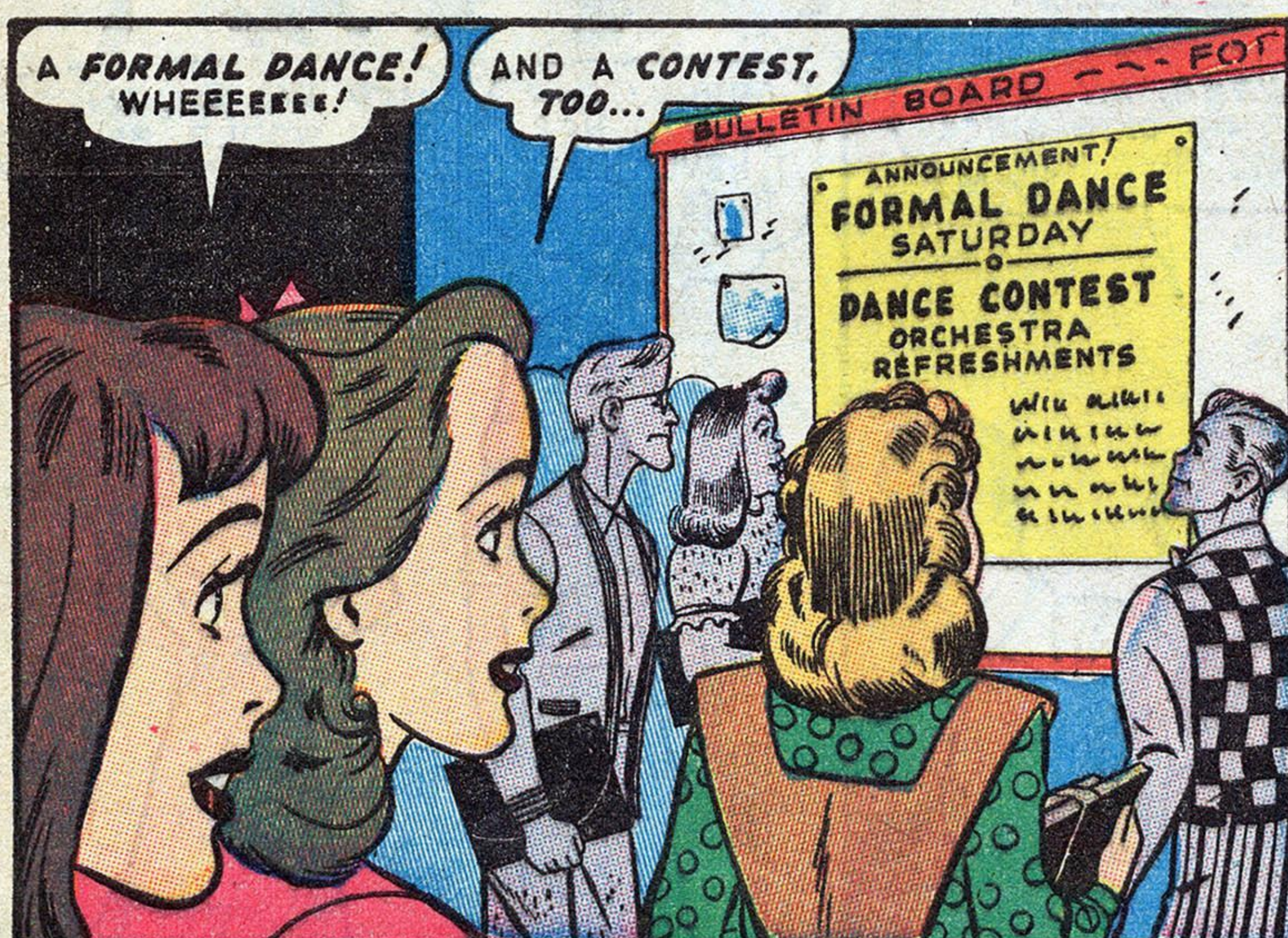


U.S. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

More women choose
KOTEX* than all other
sanitary napkins

PATSY WALKER







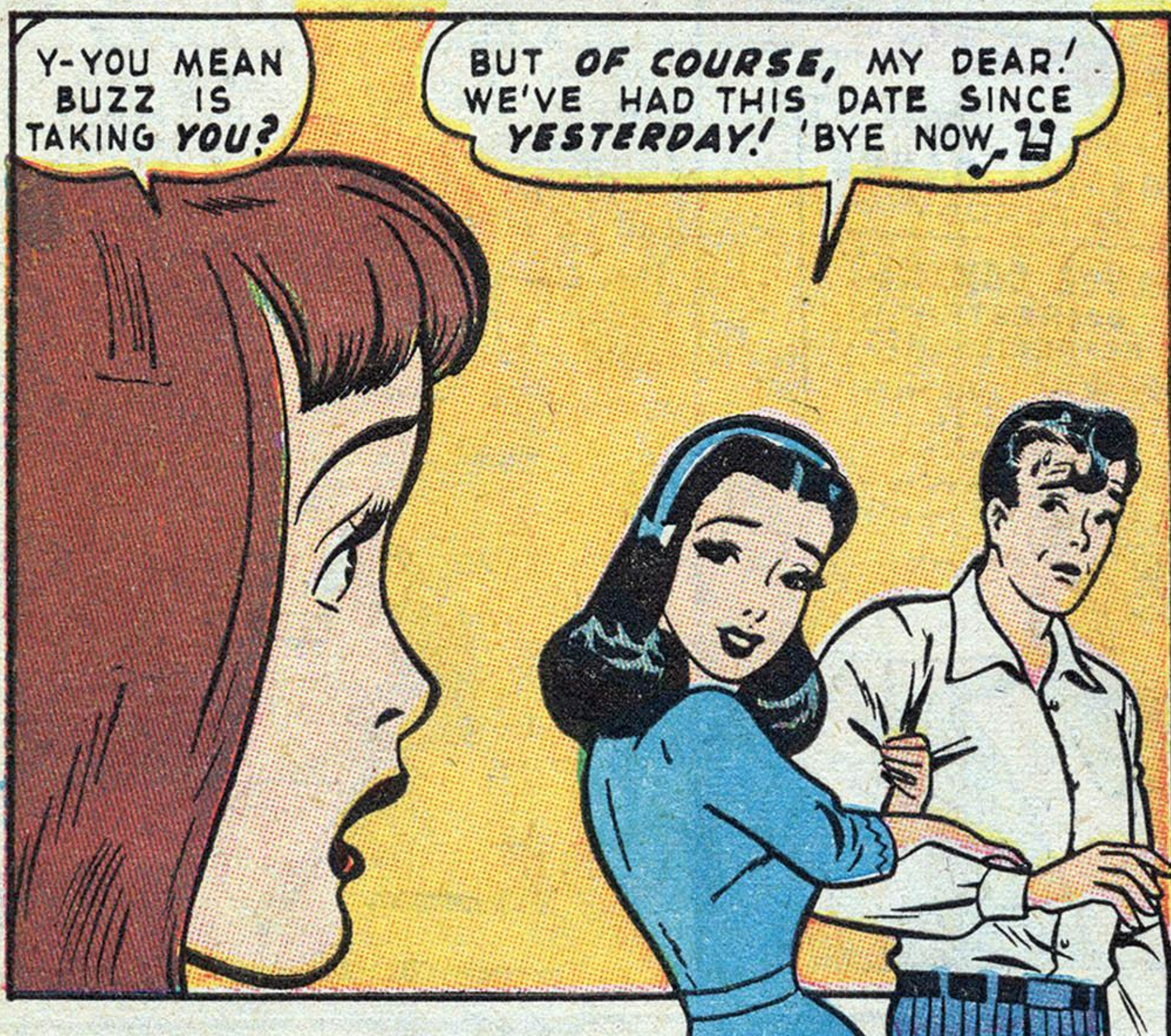
DON'T YOU THINK THAT PEOPLE WHO INTEND TO **ENTER** THE CONTEST SHOULD START **PRACTICING** AS SOON AS **POSSIBLE**?

ER—**YES!** IN FACT, THAT'S WHAT I'M GOING TO **DO** THIS—ER—UH—**AFTERNOON!**



I'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL **OVER** FOR YOU, BUZZIE DEAR! YOU **KNOW** WE HAVE A GREAT MANY NEW STEPS TO PRACTICE!

ER...**YES!** I'M **COMING**, HEDY!

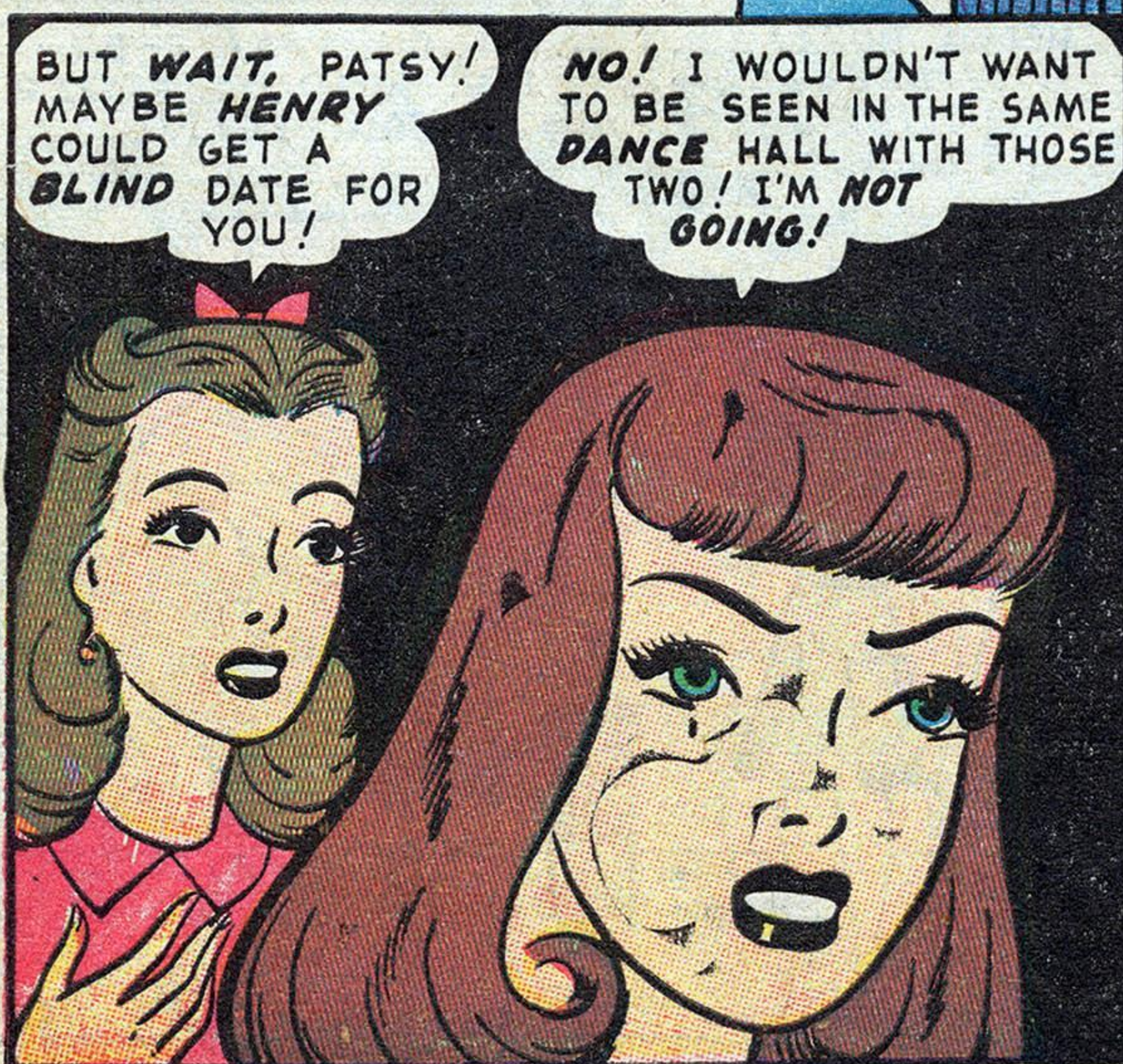


Y-YOU MEAN BUZZ IS TAKING YOU?

BUT **OF COURSE**, MY DEAR! WE'VE HAD THIS DATE SINCE **YESTERDAY!** 'BYE NOW, **BYE**

OHhhh! HOW **COULD** HE? I NEVER WANT TO **SEE** HIM AGAIN!

MEN ARE ALL ALIKE! THIS WOULD BE A **BETTER** WORLD **WITHOUT** 'EM!



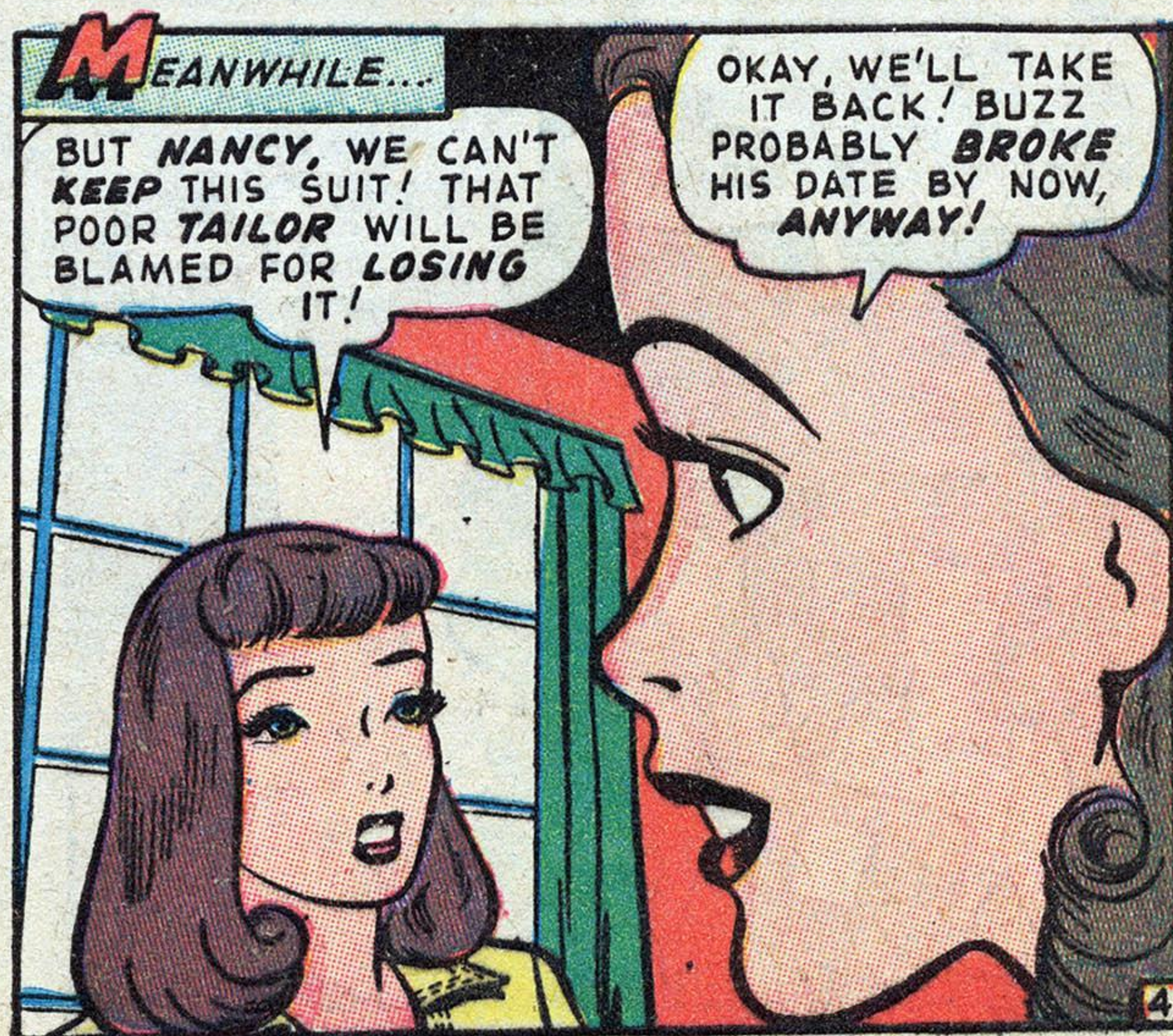
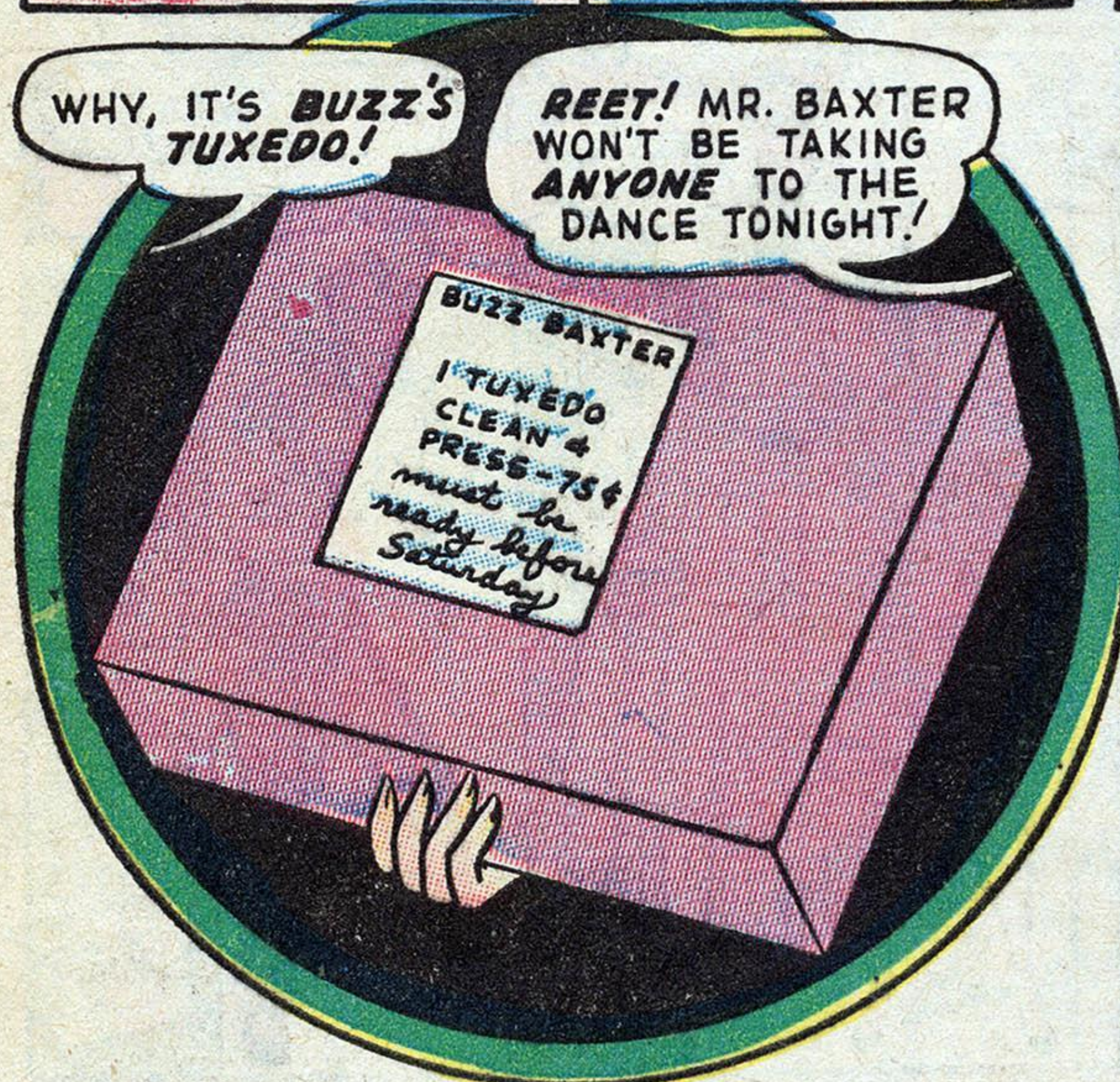
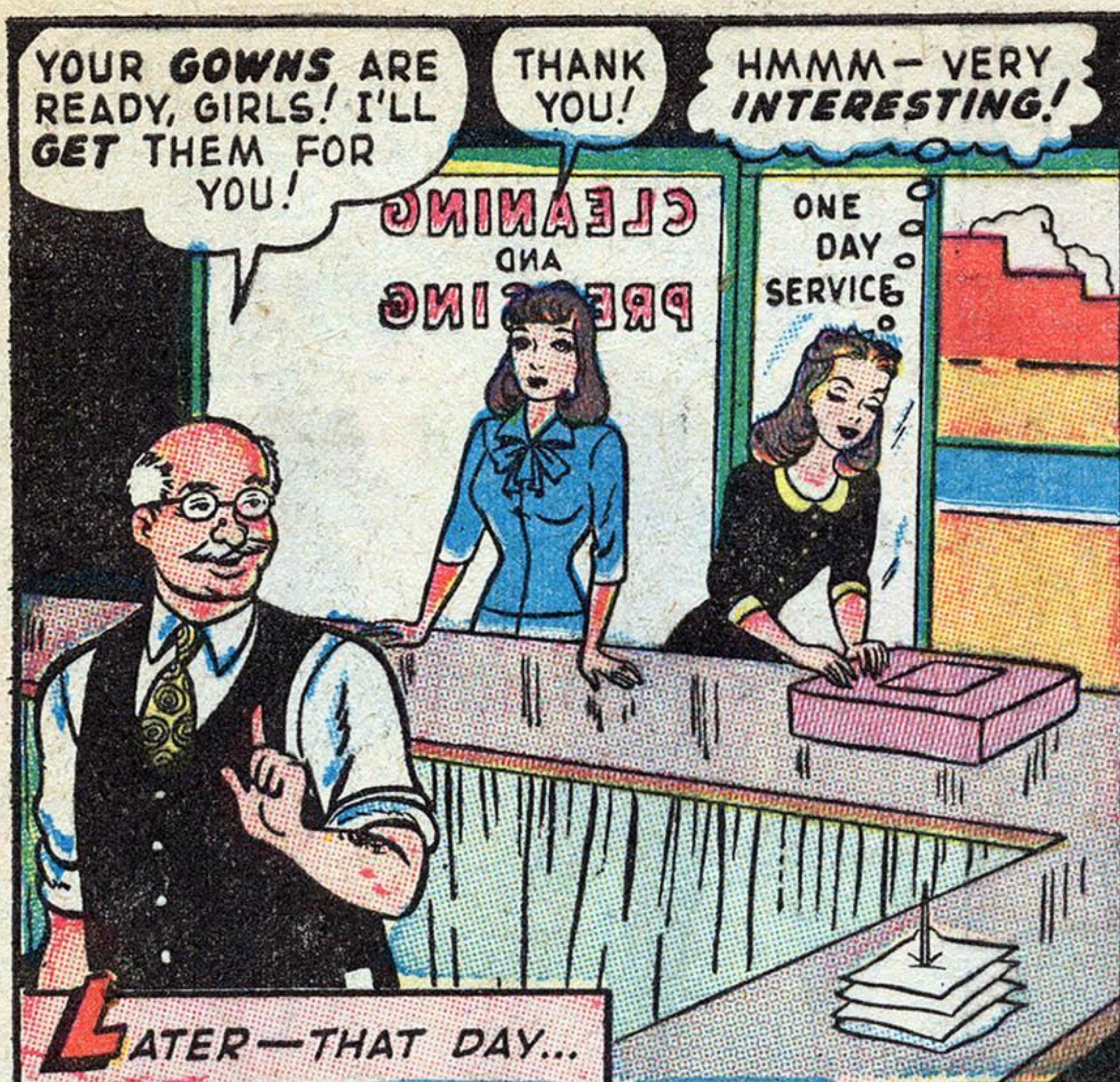
BUT **WAIT**, PATSY! MAYBE **HENRY** COULD GET A **BLIND** DATE FOR YOU!

NO! I WOULDN'T WANT TO BE SEEN IN THE SAME **DANCE** HALL WITH THOSE TWO! I'M **NOT** GOING!



AND I MAY AS WELL TAKE MY **GOWN** OUT OF THE **CLEANING** SHOP!

THE **NERVE** OF THEM MAKING THE **DATE** **YESTERDAY!** BUT **WAIT!** HOW **COULD** THEY MAKE A DATE FOR THE **DANCE** **YESTERDAY** WHEN THE **POSTERS** ONLY WENT UP **TODAY?** I SMELL DIRTY WORK...





HAS BUZZ BAXTER BEEN HERE?

YES! POOR FELLOW... HIS TUXEDO IS LOST! I FEEL TERRIBLE ABOUT IT!

I GUESS HE WAS PRETTY UPSET ABOUT THAT, TOO?

AS A MATTER OF FACT, HE SEEMED STRANGELY PLEASED ABOUT IT ALL—SAID SOMETHING ABOUT NOT GOING TO THE DANCE NOW!



WHERE TO NOW, NANCY?

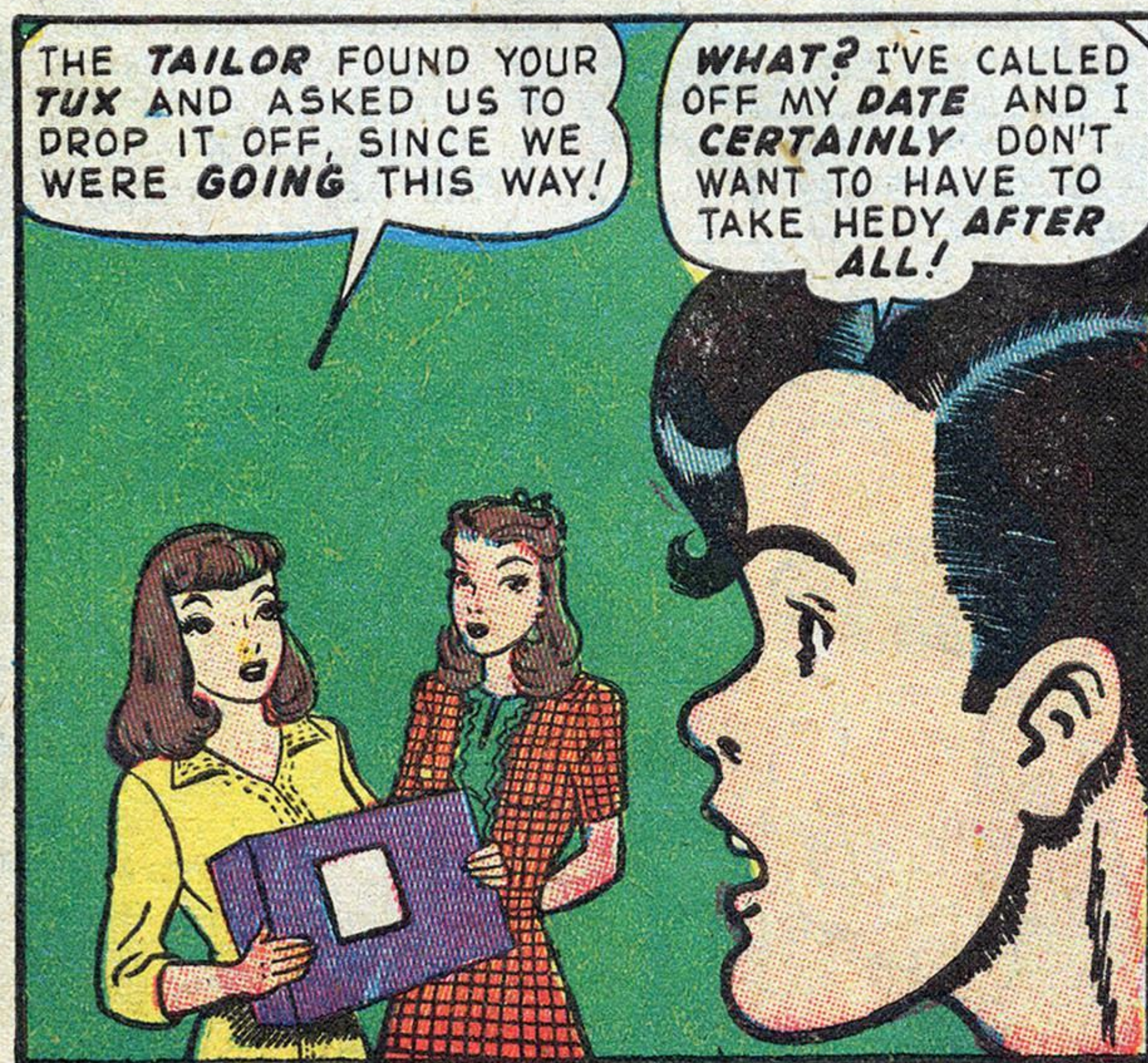
WE'RE GOING TO SEE BUZZ! NOW HERE'S WHAT I WANT YOU TO DO...



PSST! REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU, PATSY!

HELLO, BUZZ!

PATSY! NANCY! COME IN!



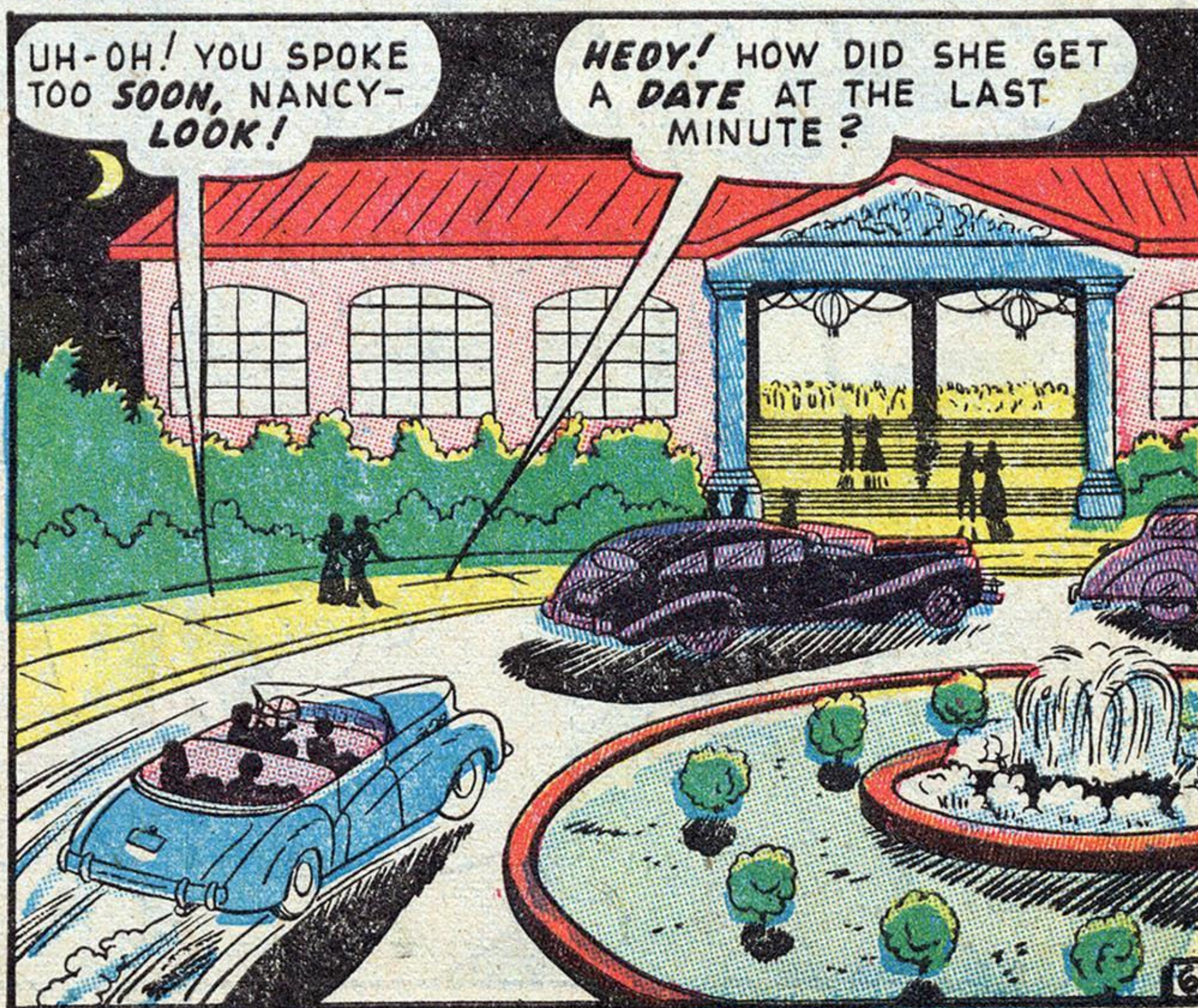
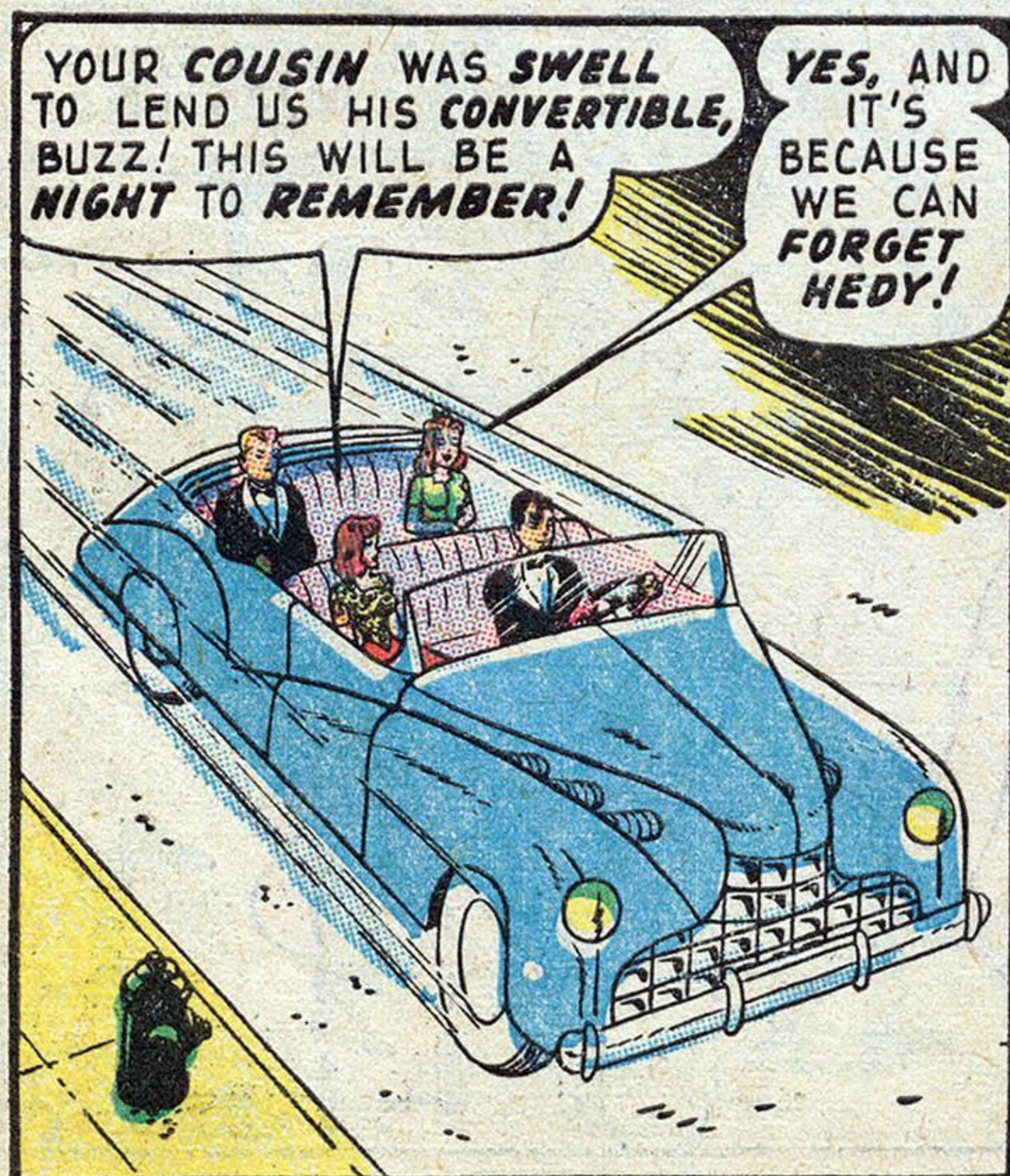
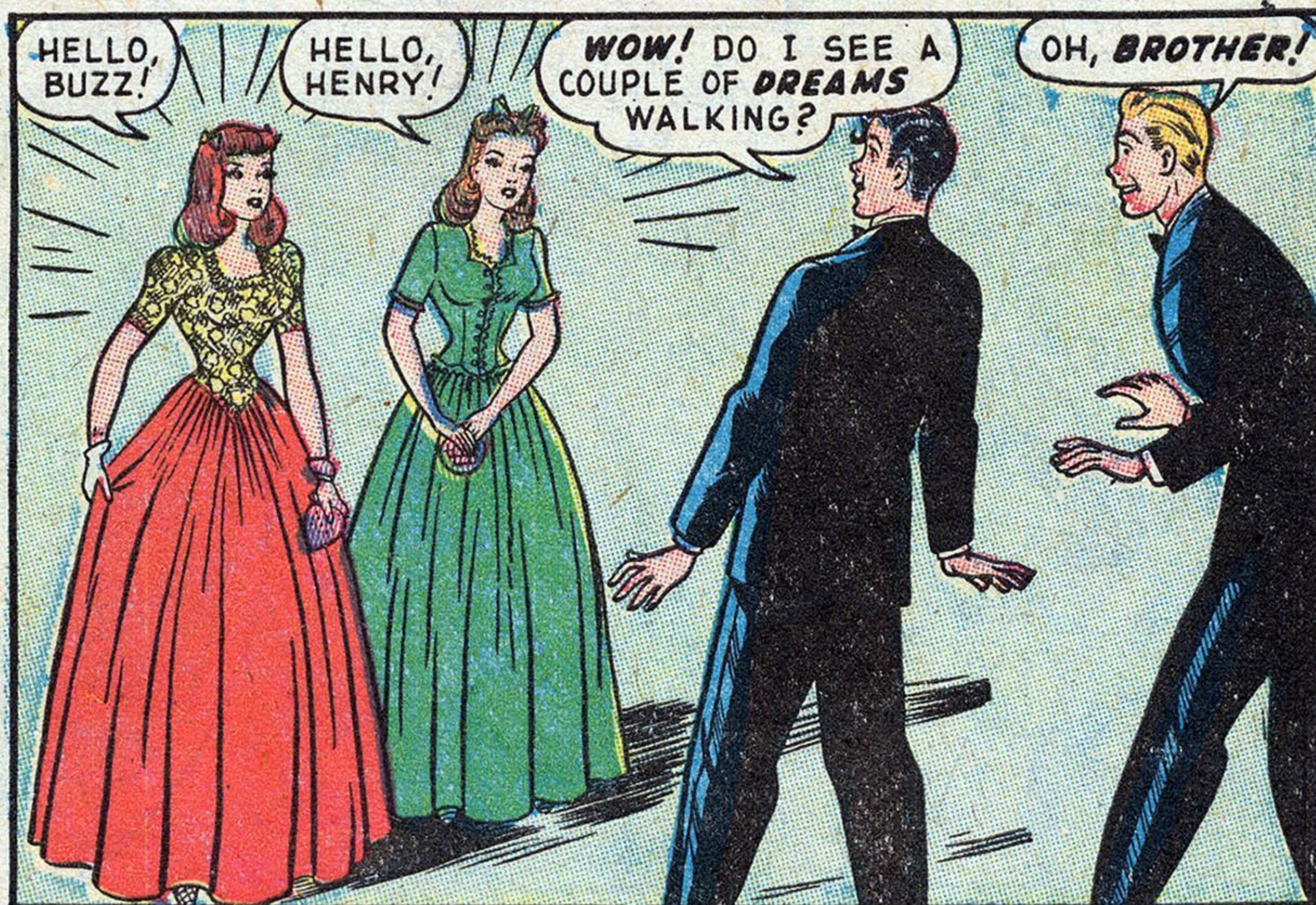
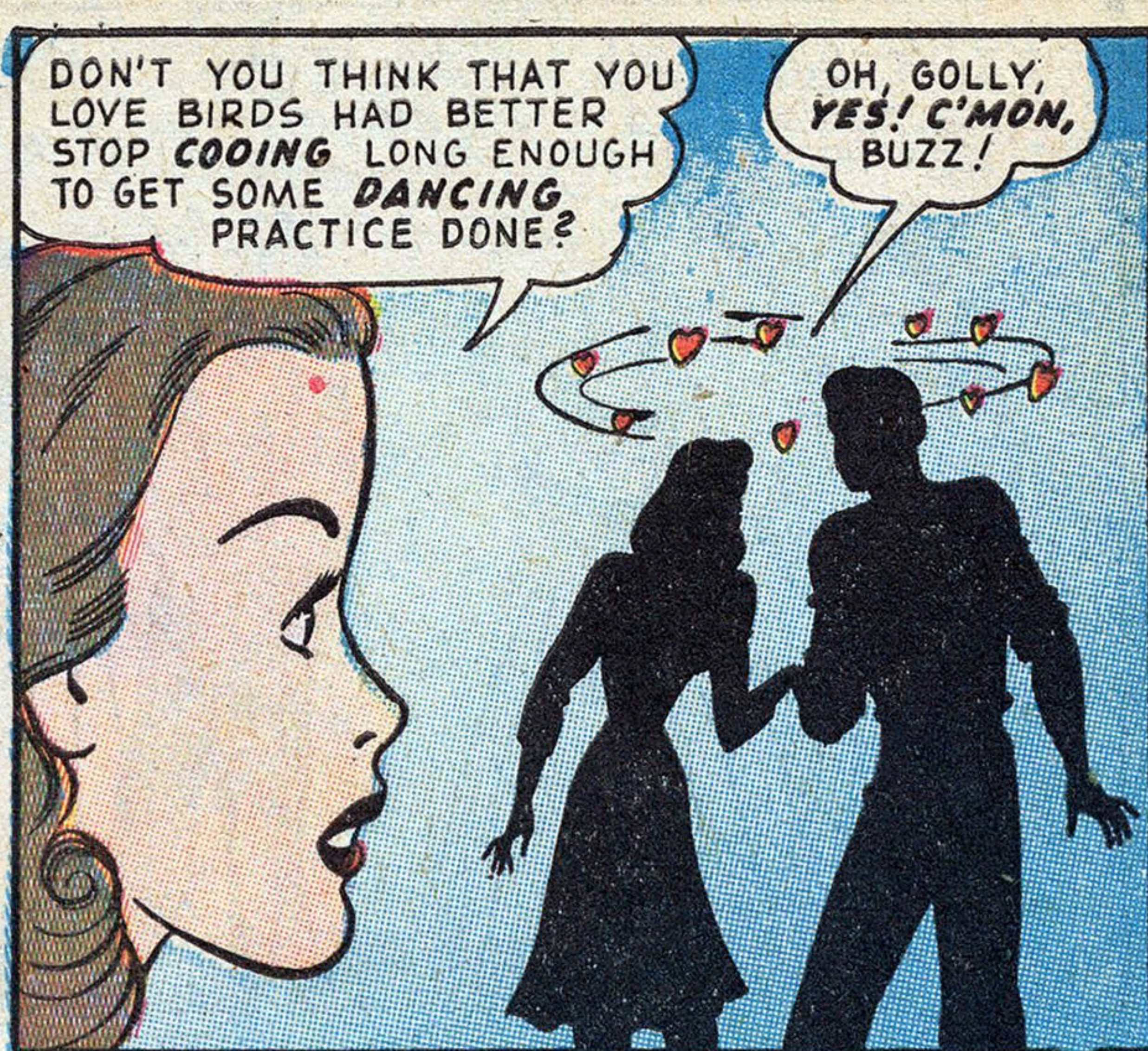
THE TAILOR FOUND YOUR TUX AND ASKED US TO DROP IT OFF, SINCE WE WERE GOING THIS WAY!

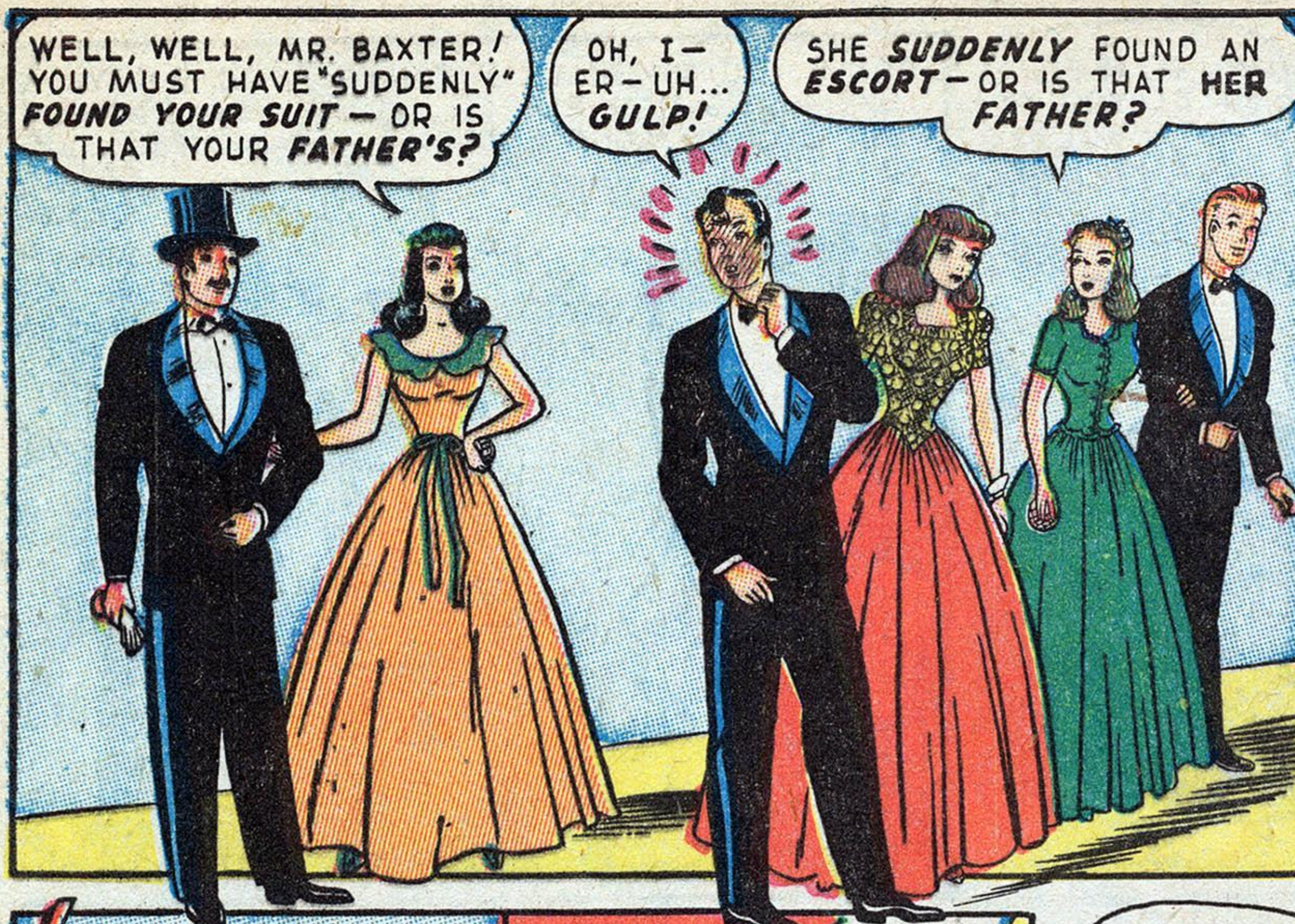
WHAT? I'VE CALLED OFF MY DATE AND I CERTAINLY DON'T WANT TO HAVE TO TAKE HEDY AFTER ALL!

THEN WHY DID YOU ASK HER?

I DIDN'T! BEFORE I KNEW ANYTHING ABOUT THE DANCE, HEDY ASKED ME OVER TO HER HOUSE FOR SATURDAY! THEN OF COURSE, WHEN THE DANCE WAS ANNOUNCED, I WAS STUCK WITH HER!







WELL, WELL, MR. BAXTER! YOU MUST HAVE "SUDDENLY" FOUND YOUR SUIT - OR IS THAT YOUR FATHER'S?

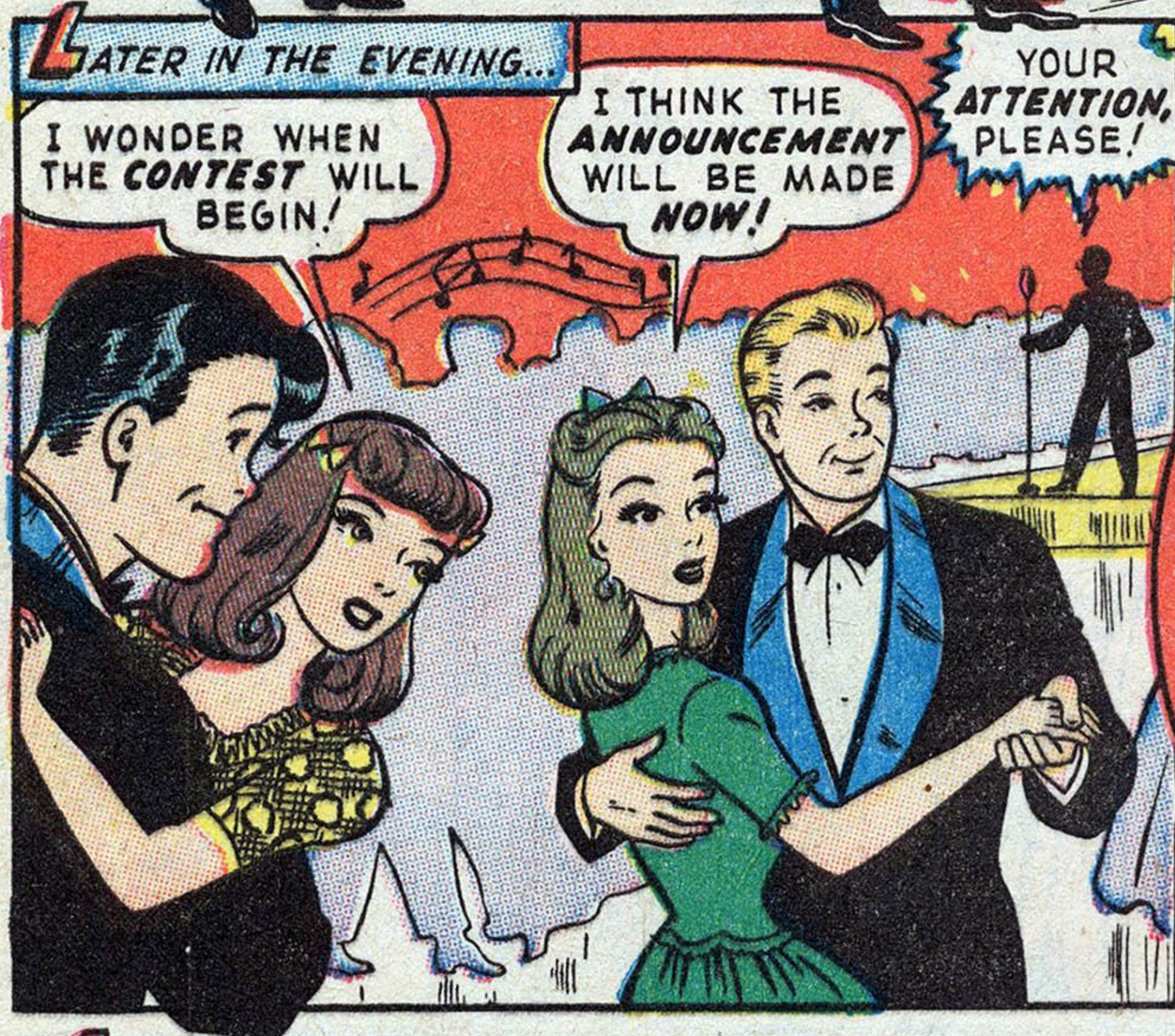
OH, I-ER-UH... GULP!

SHE SUDDENLY FOUND AN ESCORT-OR IS THAT HER FATHER?

I MUST ADMIT THAT HEDY GOT A HANDSOME DATE!

LOOKS A LITTLE OLD TO ME!

I'VE SEEN HIS FACE SOMEWHERE! HMMMM...



LATER IN THE EVENING...

I WONDER WHEN THE CONTEST WILL BEGIN!

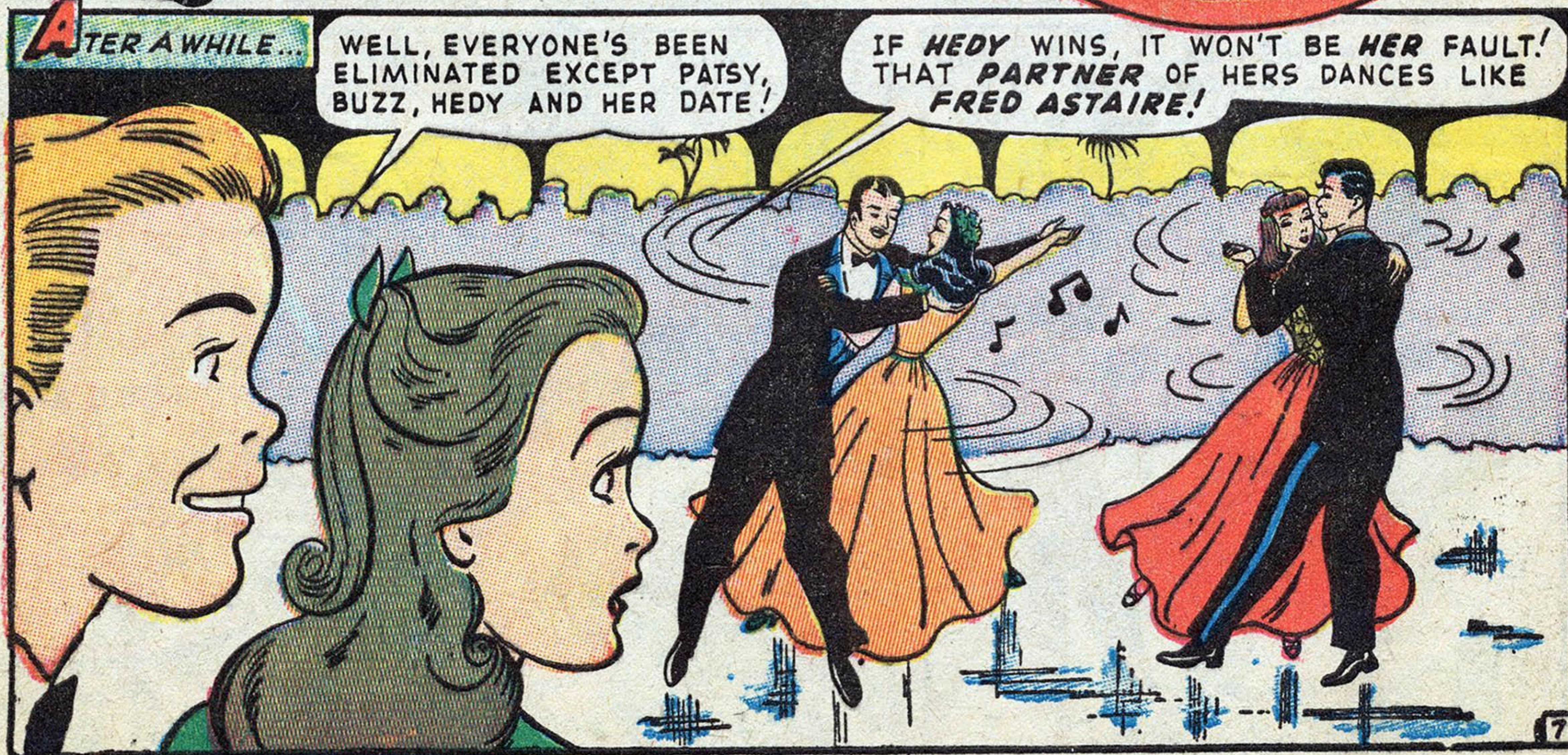
I THINK THE ANNOUNCEMENT WILL BE MADE NOW!

YOUR ATTENTION, PLEASE!



THE DANCE CONTEST WILL BEGIN NOW, GUYS AN' GALS! THE PROCESS OF ELIMINATION WILL BE USED AND THE LAST REMAINING COUPLE WILL WIN THE GOLD LOVING CUP! GO TO IT, FOLKS!

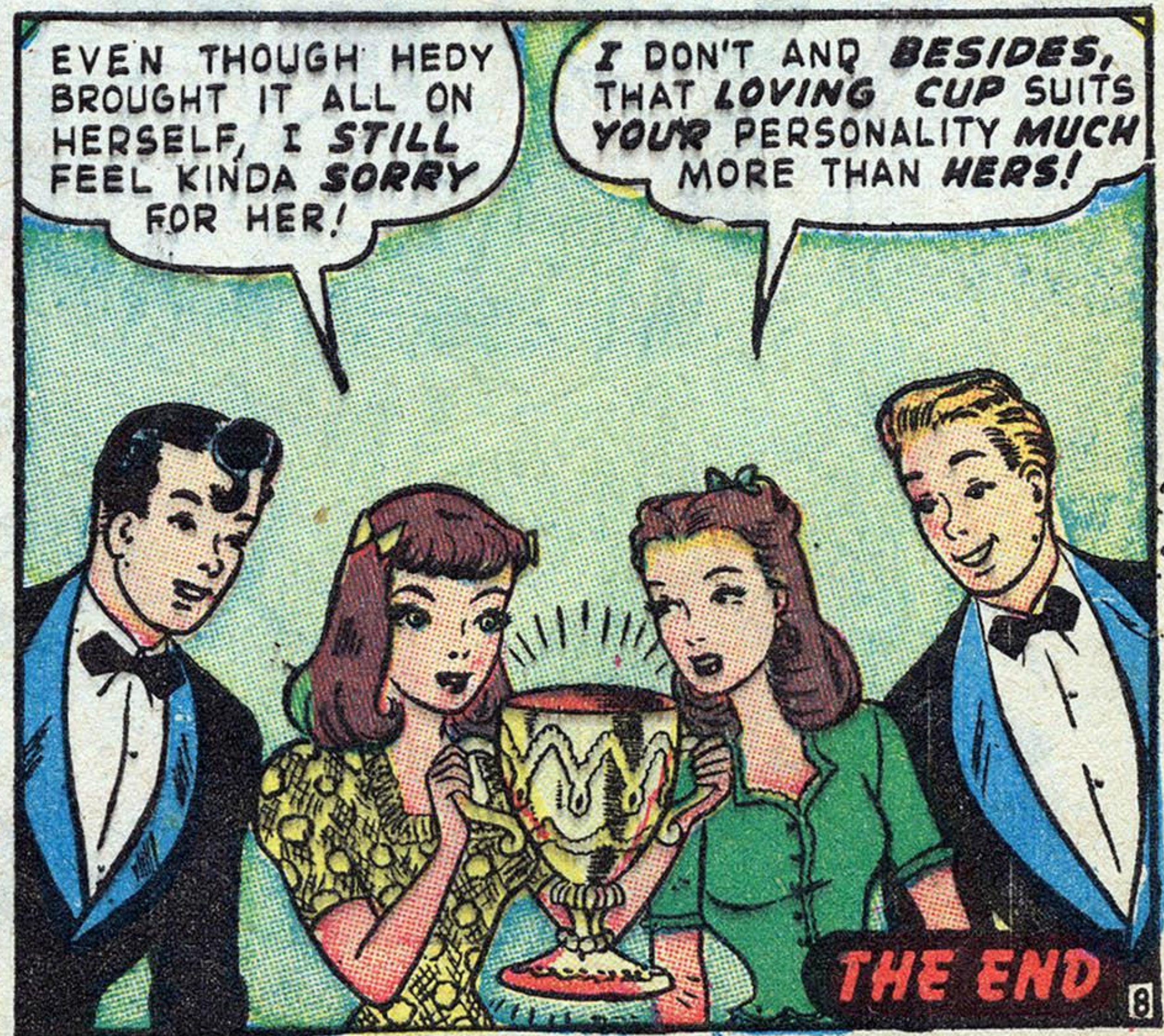
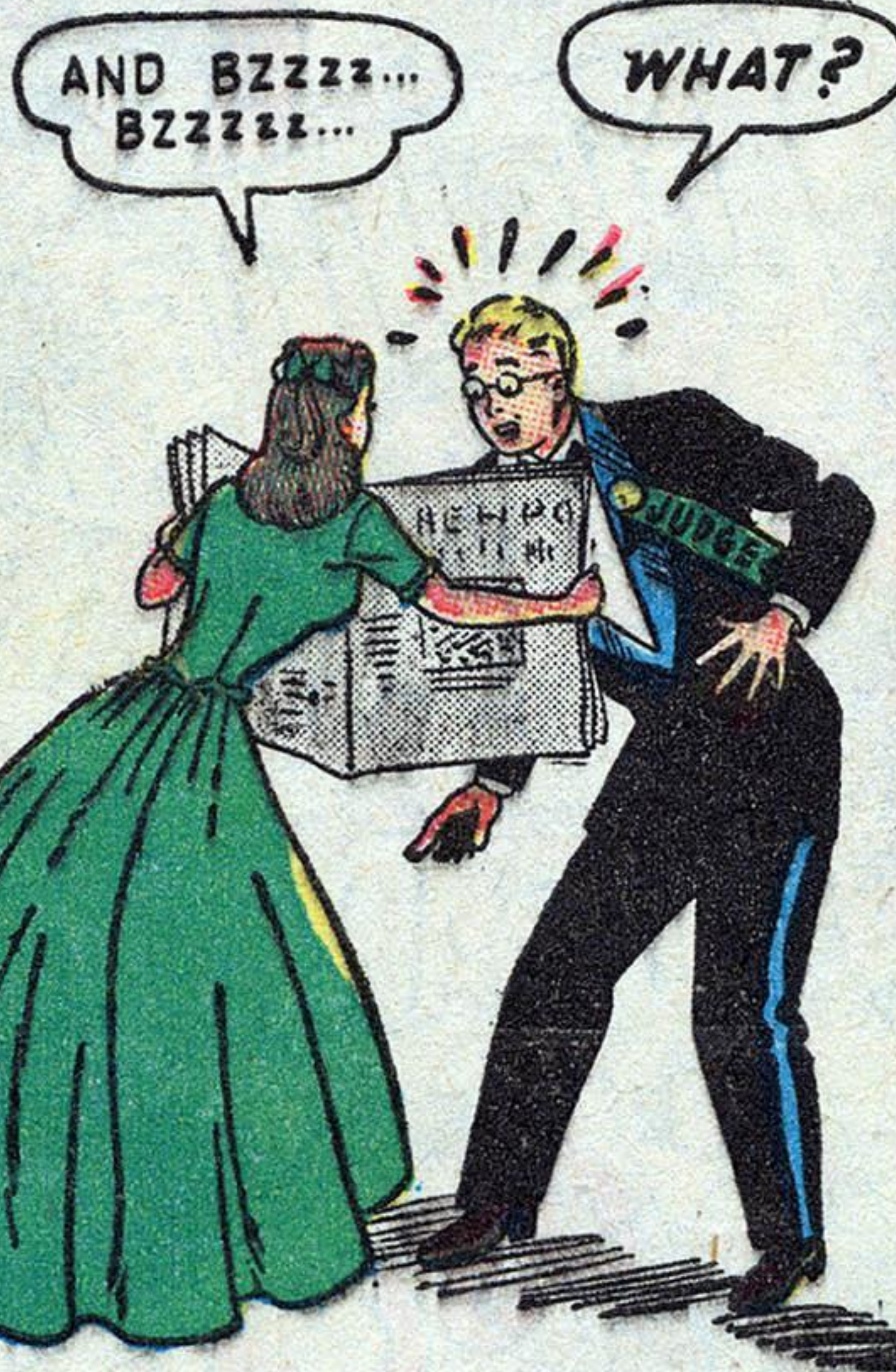
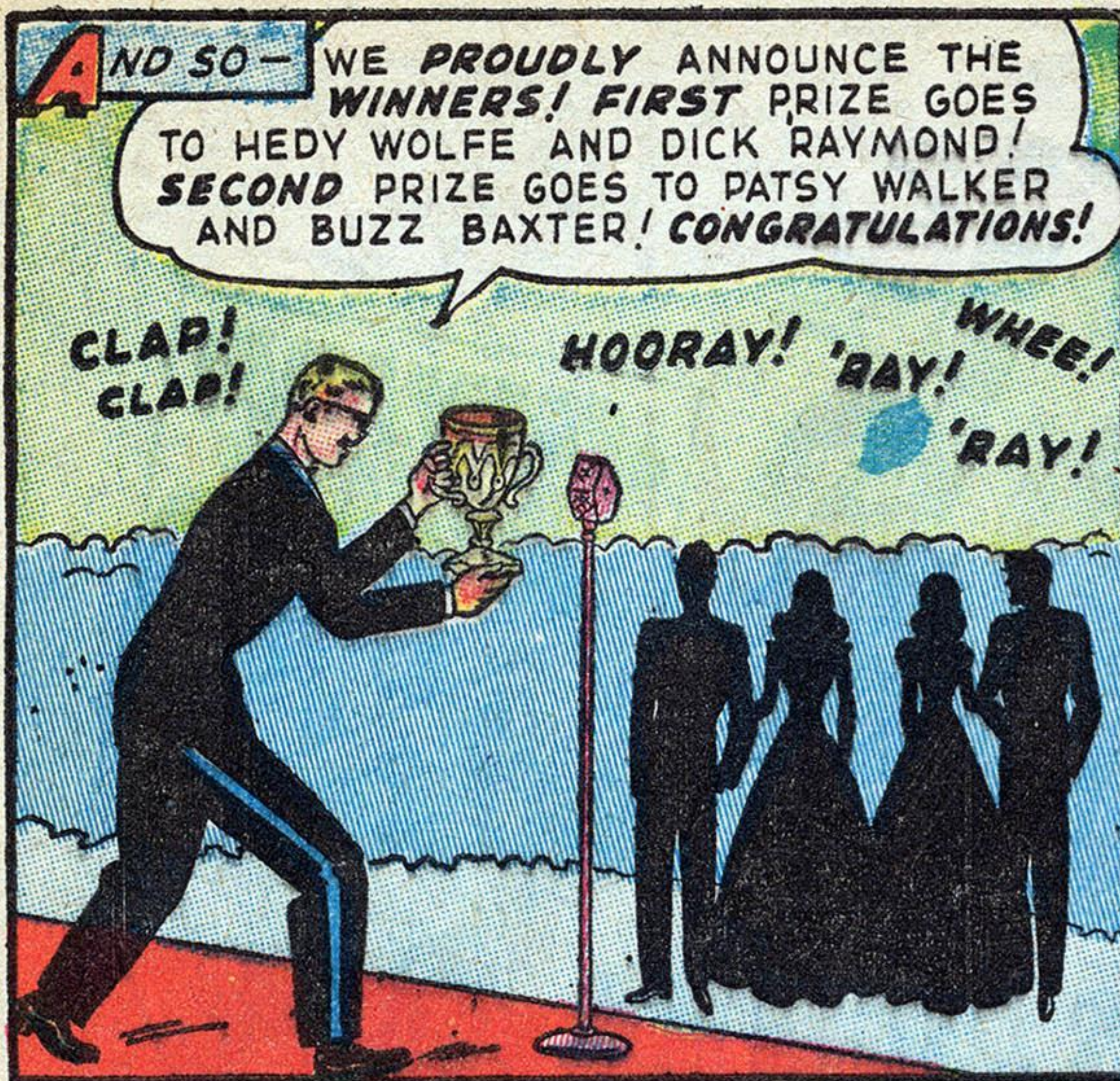
JUDGE



AFTER AWHILE...

WELL, EVERYONE'S BEEN ELIMINATED EXCEPT PATSY, BUZZ, HEDY AND HER DATE!

IF HEDY WINS, IT WON'T BE HER FAULT! THAT PARTNER OF HERS DANCES LIKE FRED ASTAIRE!



TOPS!



Miss America



MILLIE

NELLIE

TEEN

TESSIE

JOKER

WILLIE

RUSTY

FRANKIE

CINDY

GAY

OSCAR

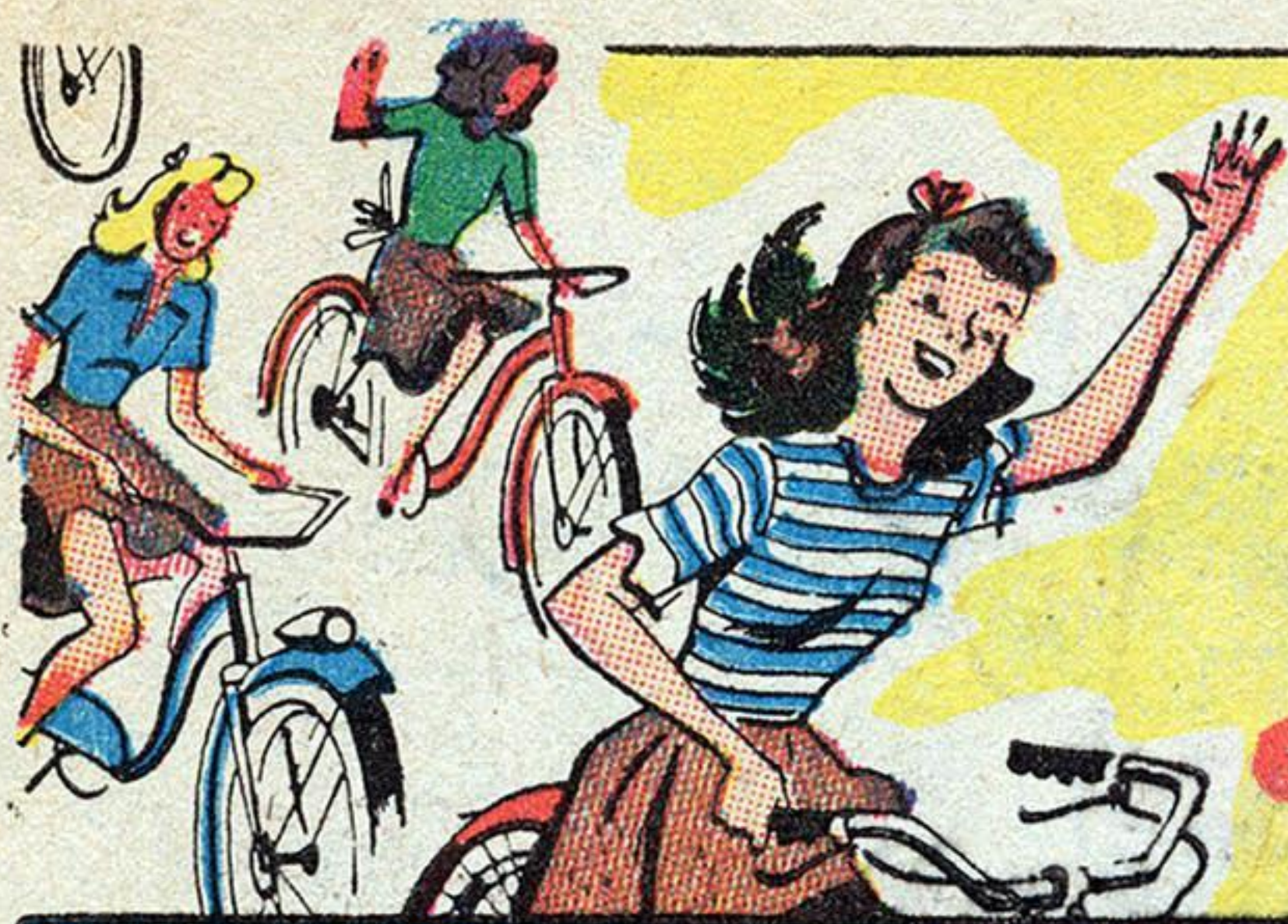
GEORGIE

JEANIE

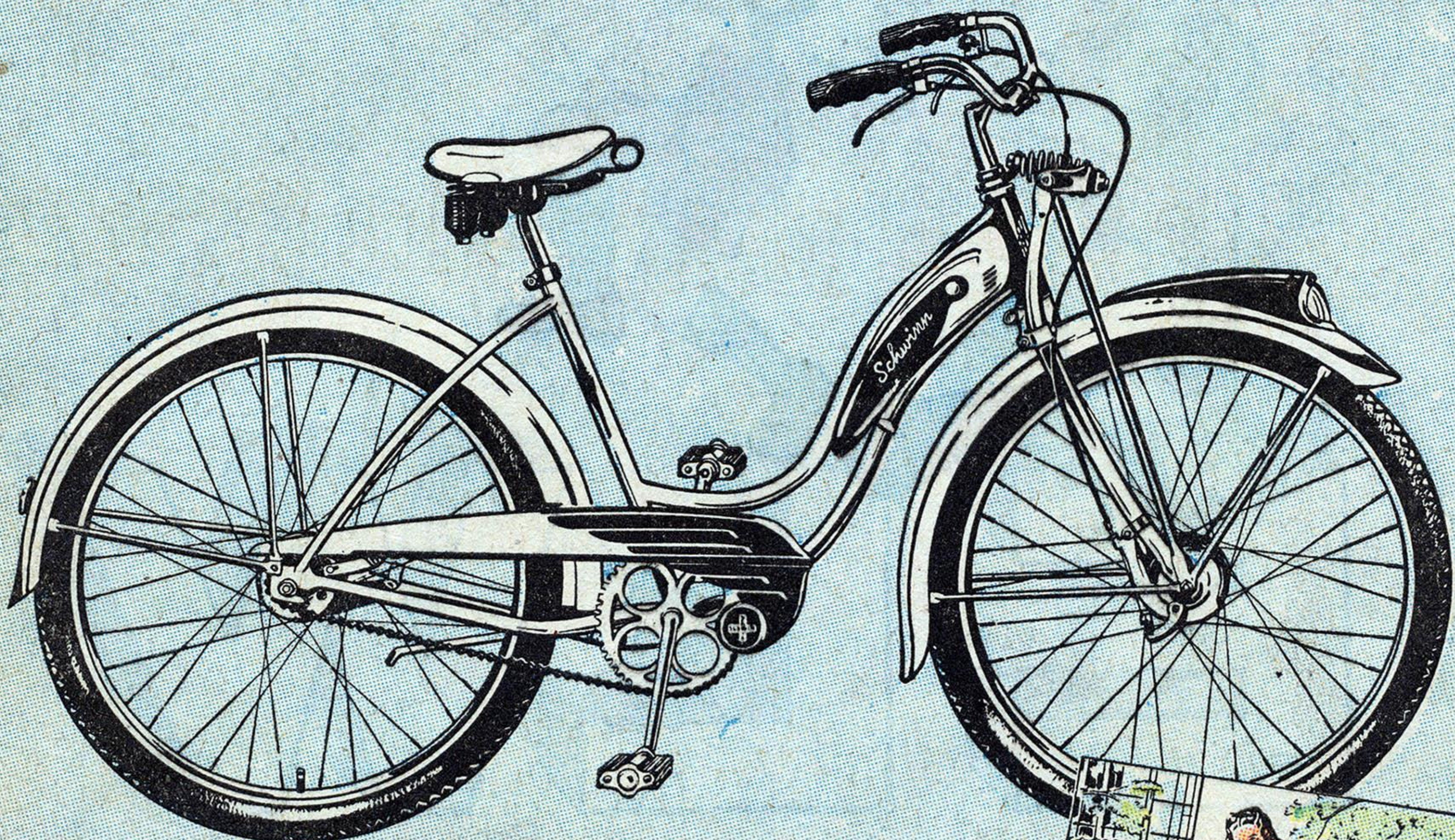
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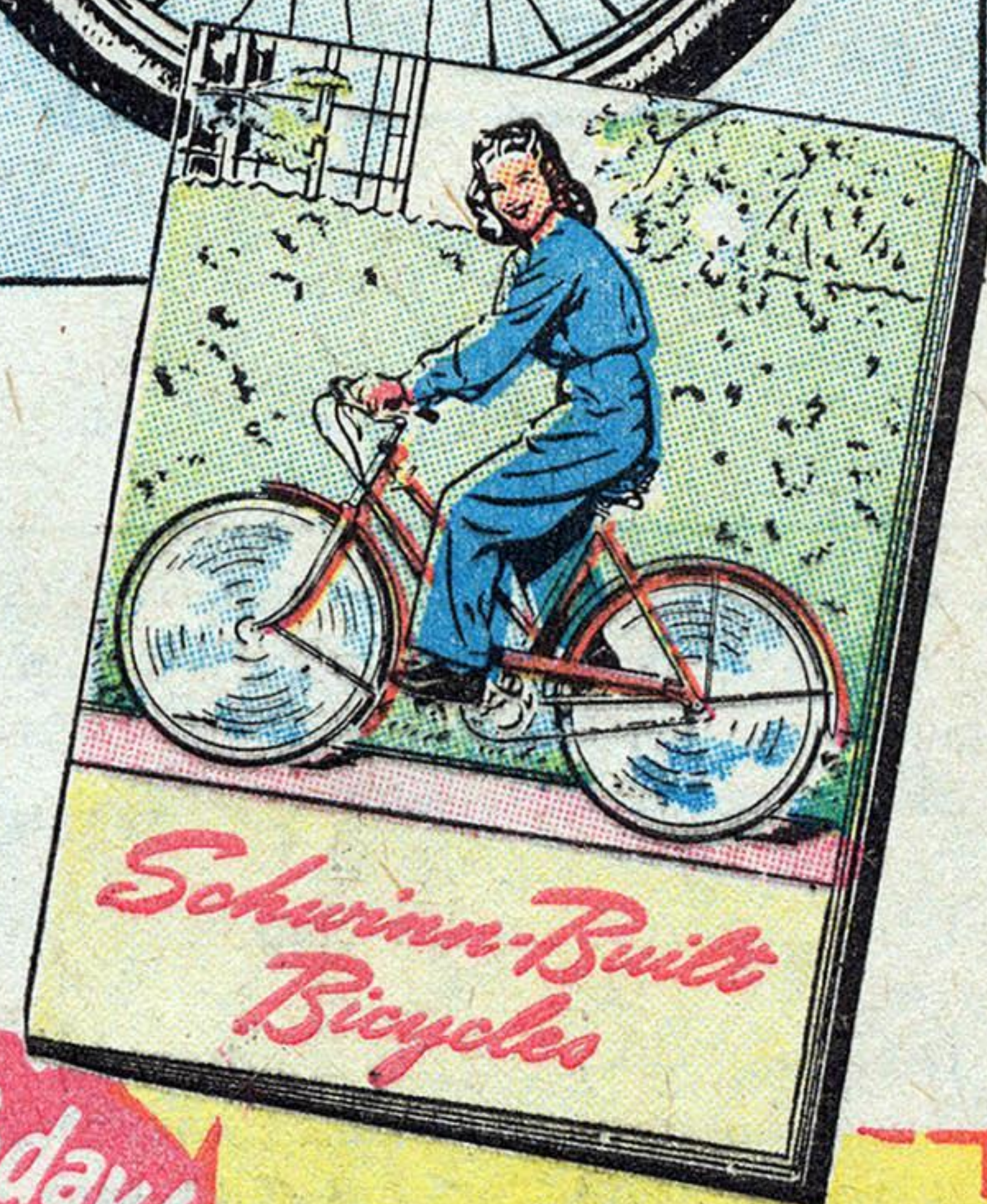
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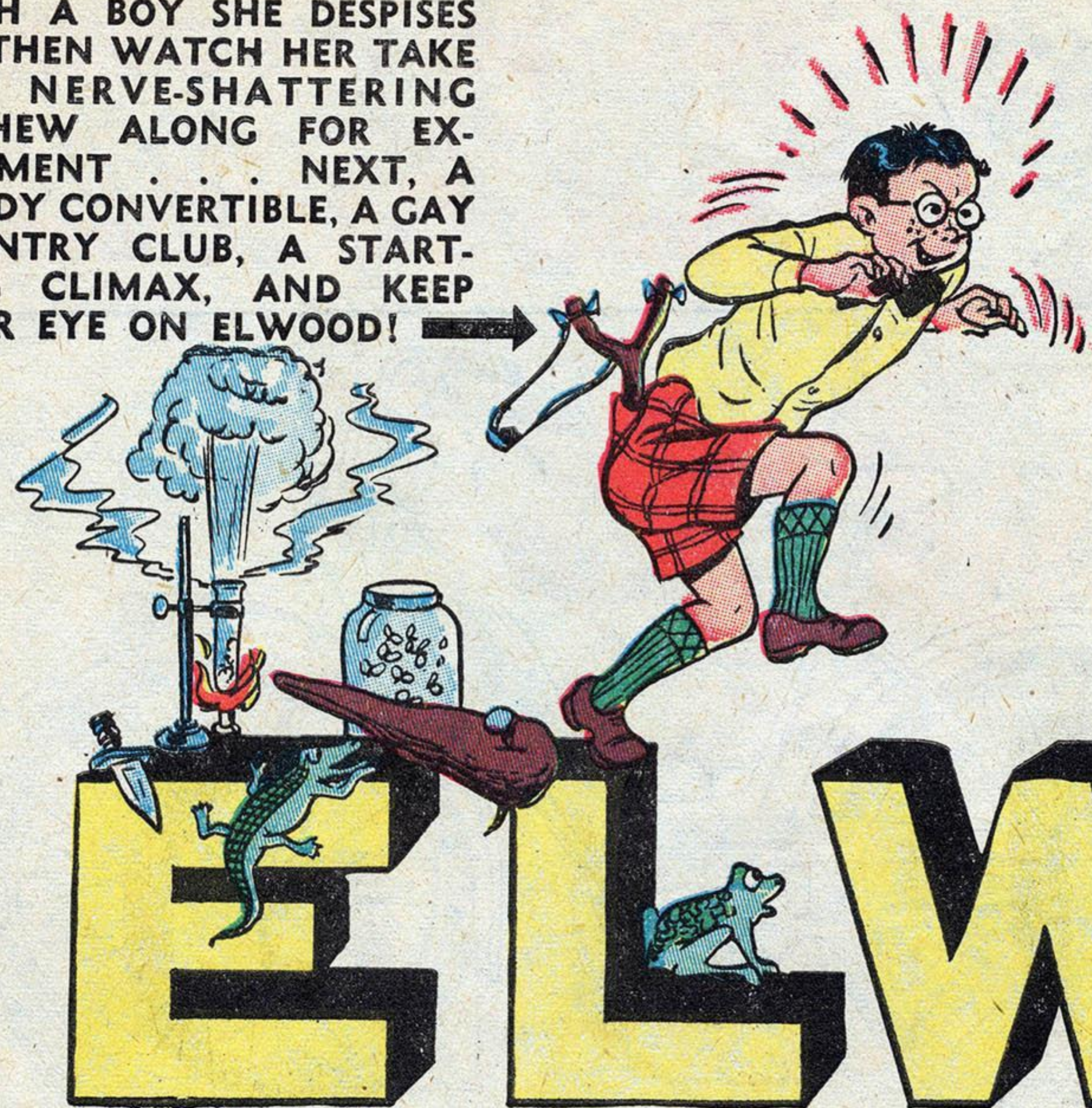
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START OFF WITH A GIRL
HEADED FOR A HEAVY DATE
WITH A BOY SHE DESPISES
... THEN WATCH HER TAKE
HER NERVE-SHATTERING
NEPHEW ALONG FOR EX-
CITEMENT ... NEXT, A
SPEEDY CONVERTIBLE, A GAY
COUNTRY CLUB, A START-
LING CLIMAX, AND KEEP
YOUR EYE ON ELWOOD! →

BY
PEGGY BOYLE



ELWOOD GOES TO TOWN!

I COULDN'T see him—not for mud! Which, I suppose, is why Betty's eyes popped wide open when I told her the news.

She repeated incredulously, "You ... have a date with Dick Dennett?"

I nodded and smiled confidently, waiting for the storm.

It came. "Why," Betty sputtered, "why you're the person who told me, I don't know how many times, that you wouldn't go out with him if he were the only boy in school! You said ..."

"I said," I cut in, "that I think he's stuffy and conceited and a snob. And I still do."

"Then why ...?" Betty stared at me in bewilderment.

I shrugged. "What can a girl do? He's been pestering me for a date for three months, and this—I grinned in anticipation—"is the best way to get him off my trail."

"What is?"

"My plan." I chuckled. "You see, I've got an idea that would discourage ..."

A small black object came hurtling into the room and leaped up on my lap. It was Phiz, the family cat ... And hotly pursuing it came little Elwood.

"Elwood," I said sternly, "what are you doing to poor Phiz?"

Elwood is my nine-year-old nephew, something of a child prodigy and possessed of strong anti-social tendencies. He halted in front of me and glared at the shivering cat.

"I was chasing it," he said frankly.

"But why?"

"Experiment. I wanted to see if it could hear better with the fur trimmed off its ears."

I turned to Betty. "This," I said, "is my nephew Elwood."

"Is it human?" Betty was staring at him with a fascinated repulsion.

"Supposedly," I said. "Anyway, he's part of my plan to discourage Dick."

Elwood made a quick grab for Phiz just then, and when I foiled him, he drew one foot tentatively, as if contemplating booting me on the shin.

"Elwood," I spoke hastily, interrupting his train of thought, "you and I are going out Saturday afternoon with a nice boy named Dick. Would you like that?"

"No," he said briefly.

"I'll give you a Bunsen burner for your chemistry set," I urged.

He weakened. "Well, maybe. Now can I have Phiz?"

"Now you can go tell Aunt Eleanor to blow your nose," I said firmly. "And leave Phiz alone!"

As he left the room, Betty frowned. "Maybe you don't like Dick," she said, "but just the same, don't you think turning Elwood loose on him is a little ... a little inhumane?"

I had to agree, but that didn't change my mind. I waited almost eagerly for Saturday to roll around. The prospect of a date with Dick Dennett was pure poison, of course, but I figured that ringing Elwood in on it would be a sure and even pleasant way of disposing of Dick's attentions. During the week, I watched Elwood closely, trying to gauge his tempera-

ment, and the little demon seemed to rise to new levels (even for him!) of obnoxiousness. At any other time, his behavior would have driven me to distraction, but now it seemed a good omen.

I restrained myself even when he swiped my best pair of nylons and manufactured runs in them with a pin. "What," I inquired gently, "is the idea behind this?"

"Simple," he said abstractedly. "I was studying the consistency of plastics." He dismissed the subject with an impatient wave of his hand.

"And what," I pursued, "are you up to now?" He was scratching busily on a sheet of paper.

"Drawing plans for an atomic-powered airship." "Oh," I said impressed. "Well, as long as you don't get hold of any loose uranium ... By the way, you haven't changed your mind about Saturday, have you?"

Elwood scowled up at me. "Do I have to go?" "Do you want a Bunsen burner?" I replied. "Okay. But I don't think I'll be in a good mood," he said darkly.

"Elwood," I hesitated, trying to frame my thought delicately, "you don't have to be on your best behavior. Just be yourself." As an afterthought, I added, "Dick likes people to act naturally!"

Elwood just grunted.

... But he was ready Saturday at one. He'd even been prevailed upon to wear his best suit and a tie. I'd insisted on the tie, figuring it would make him belligerent.

When the doorbell rang, I said sweetly, "Will you answer it, Elwood?" He shot me a dirty look, but trudged to the door and pulled it open.

Dick was standing there with a large smile on his face. The smile shrank somewhat when it ran into Elwood's uncompromising stare. "Well, hello," he said. "Is your sister in?"

"No," Elwood answered shortly, and prepared to close the door.

"Come in, Dick," I called. Grudgingly, Elwood stepped aside to let him enter.

"This," I indicated Elwood, "is my young nephew. And Elwood, this is Dick. I'm sure"—I couldn't help smiling—"I'm sure you two are going to be great friends."

"I doubt it," Elwood announced.

Dick surveyed Elwood dubiously, then turned to me. "I've got the car out front," he said, "if you're ready."

"Oh, yes, we're ready."

"We?" Dick did a startled double-take.

"Why, didn't you know?" I said innocently. "We can't leave Elwood here alone. He might burn down the house, or blow it up with his chemistry set."

Dick's face fell. He considered the problem a moment, then decided to make the best of it. "Well, okay," he said. "Bring him along."

"Where we going?" Elwood wanted to know.

Dick turned to me. "I was planning to take you to the Crestwood Country Club," he said. "They've got a pool, and a game-room, and dancing."

"Oh, that'd be nice," I said politely. "Wait a sec and I'll get a bathing suit."

It was typical of Dick, I thought, taking me to his ritzy club—and it was also the reason I didn't think much of him. He was the son of a bank president and had everything—good looks, brains, money—and I'd always figured him as the direct opposite of a regular guy. But maybe, I thought, Elwood will be able to deflate him a little.

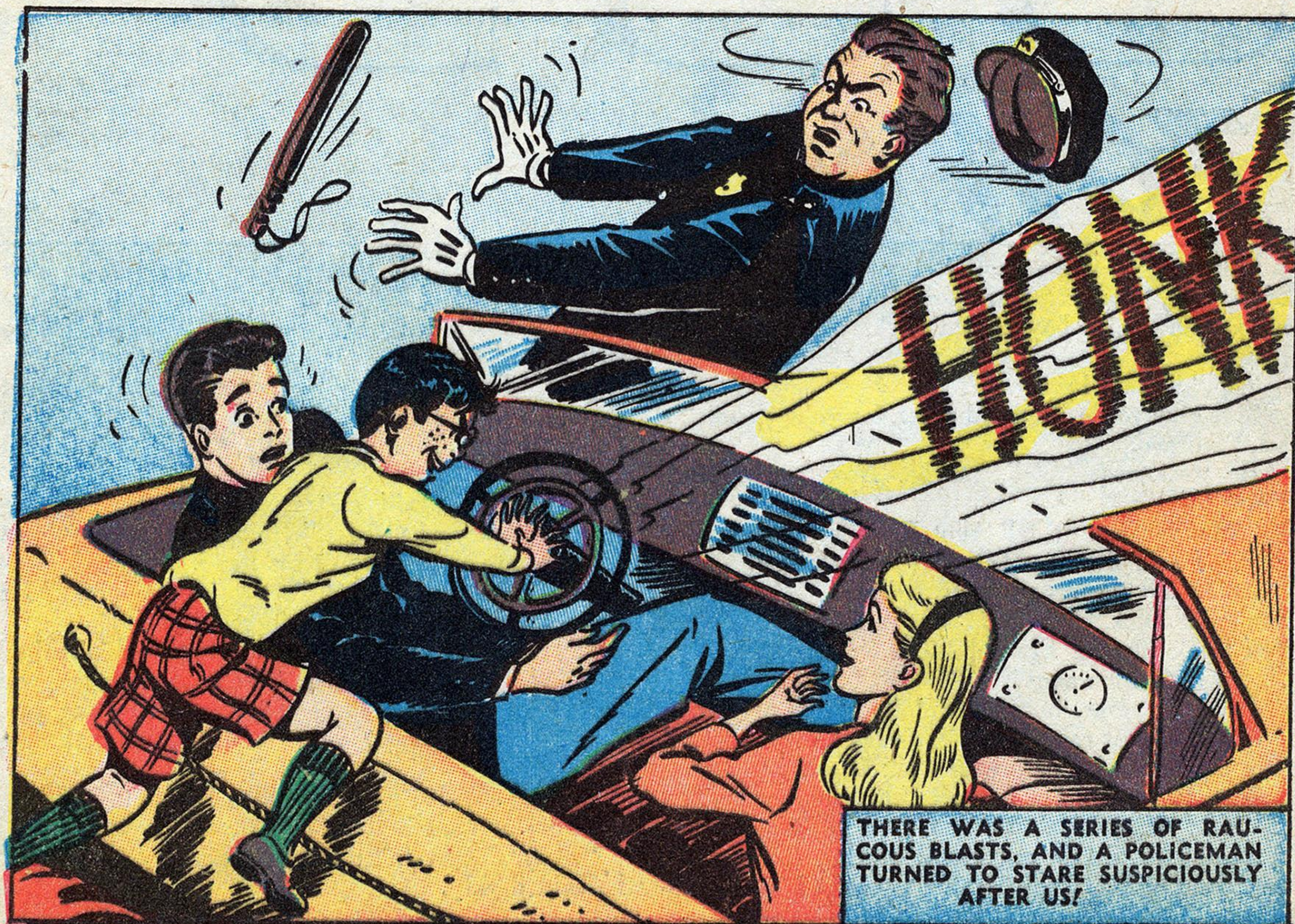
Dick's car turned out to be a smooth convertible. We deposited Elwood in the back seat, Dick slid behind the wheel, gunned the motor impressively, and we were off.

Elwood rode in silence for a few minutes and I began to worry. Surely he wasn't going to relapse into good behavior?

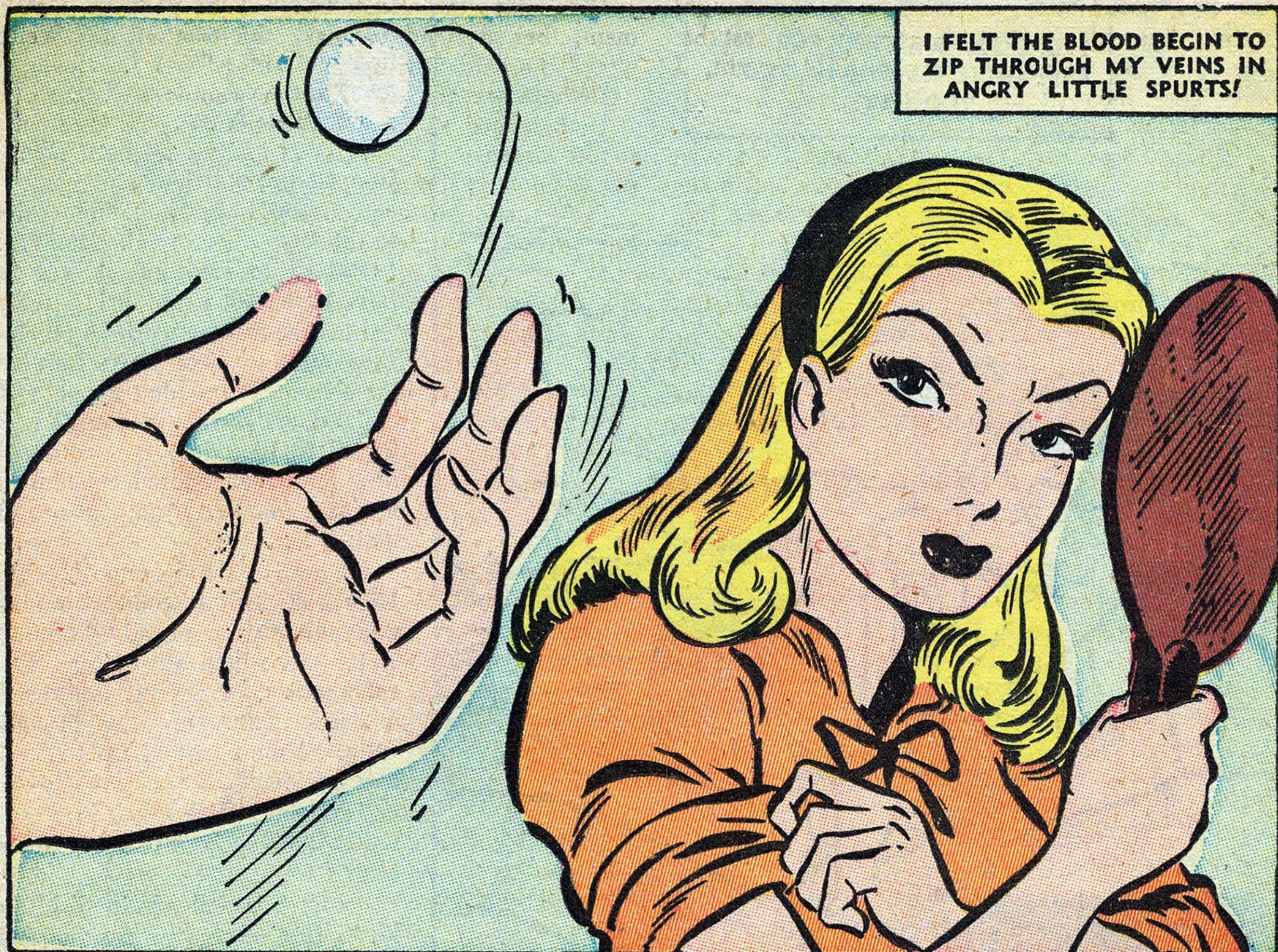
He wasn't. His voice came broodingly from the back seat. "The valves need grinding. Listen to that motor!"

Dick spoke indignantly. "Why, this is the sweetest-running car in town!"

Elwood snickered. Suddenly he thrust himself over the front seat. "Let's hear the horn," he demanded, and pounded vigorously on it. There was a series of raucous blasts, and a policeman turned to stare suspiciously after us.



THERE WAS A SERIES OF RAUCOUS BLASTS, AND A POLICEMAN TURNED TO STARE SUSPICIOUSLY AFTER US!



"Hey, cut that out!" Dick's face was red.

"Elwood!" I said mildly. Everything was going as planned.

"I'd change the horn if I were you," Elwood advised. "Try the carillon type."

Dick didn't say anything, but I saw his lips tighten.

The Crestwood Country Club turned out to be even ritzier than I'd expected. Dick looked nervously at Elwood as we trotted in past the doorman.

"Let's look into the game-room," he suggested. "Do you play ping-pong?"

"A little," I admitted.

Dick led me to a table and thrust a paddle at me with what I decided was a patronizing air.

"I'll take it easy," he promised.

I felt the blood begin to zip through my veins in angry little spurts. I hate to be patronized. Grimly I took my place at the end of the table, and grimly I resolved to put up a last-ditch battle.

It wasn't necessary. Little nephews like Elwood are a pain generally, but sometimes they come in handy. I could tell from Dick's style that he was a good player—very good; but he'd never had little Elwood lurking on the sidelines before.

Dick took the first 10 points easily, slamming both my serve and his past me without apparent difficulty. Then Elwood began to make comments!

They were scientific comments, to be sure. First, he criticized my back-hand unmercifully, while Dick chuckled; then he turned his attentions to him.

The difference was, I was used to Elwood. Dick wasn't!

I merely gritted my teeth when Elwood casually

observed: "Lois, you keep your elbow too loose. Swing in an arc from the shoulder."

When Elwood decided there was too little hop on Dick's serve, Dick considered it—and his next four serves didn't touch the table! A coat of red began to creep up his neck about then, and it didn't recede when Elwood's detached voice urged him to play back from the table. I took my five serves easily.

Thereupon, Elwood posted himself at the center of the table to consider scientifically the angle at which the ball cleared the net.

"That was an angle of 70 degrees," he piped. "Keep it down to 60!"

Dick blew his game entirely at that and I won in a breeze, 21-14. Throwing down his paddle disgustedly, Dick suggested, "Let's go to the pool." He glared at Elwood as if daring him to dissent.

I changed into my swim suit, chortling inwardly; this was turning out better than I'd hoped. The pool was at the rear of the club, and I found Dick lounging in his trunks in a deck chair. Elwood was puttering about at the other end of the pool.

"I'm not much of a swimmer," Dick confessed. "I just come out here for the tan."

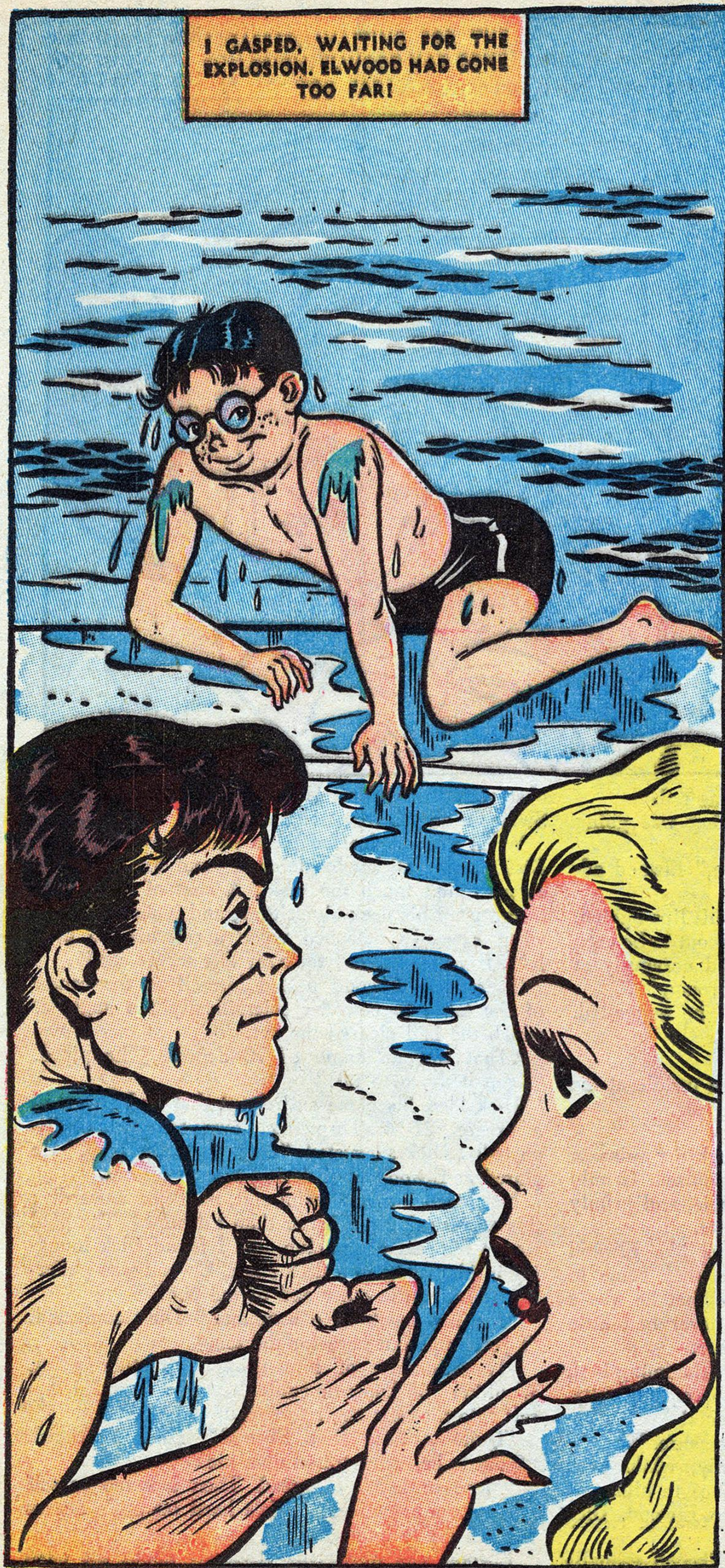
My estimation of him dropped another point. Wouldn't you know he couldn't swim? I settled myself into the next chair to sop up some sun.

"Quite a boy, that Elwood," Dick remarked. "What is he, a frustrated quiz kid?"

"More or less," I agreed. Then I found myself adding sympathetically, "He's hard on one's nerves till you get to know him."

Elwood was wandering restlessly about the edge

I GASPED, WAITING FOR THE
EXPLOSION. ELWOOD HAD GONE
TOO FAR!



of the pool. I called out, "Be careful Elwood," even though I knew he could swim like a fish. I looked away for a second—and there was a great splash . . .

It was Elwood, naturally. I jumped up, startled, and before I could stop him, Dick had rushed to the edge of the pool. "Don't..." I started to say, but it was too late. Dick had dived in!

In three long strokes, he reached Elwood, and then must have remembered he couldn't swim. With a hand on Elwood's shoulder, he began to flounder; then suddenly they both disappeared beneath the surface! My heart jumped into my mouth . . .

Of course the lifeguard pulled Dick out, with Elwood swimming nonchalantly on ahead. When the water was rolled out of him, Dick sat panting for several minutes in a deck chair, frowning thoughtfully. Elwood trotted up to study him curiously.

"Tell me," Dick asked in a quiet voice, "did you fall in accidentally?"

"No," Elwood admitted blithely. "I just wanted to observe your life-saving technique."

I gasped, waiting for the explosion. Elwood had gone too far! Being fished out of a swimming pool is enough to puncture anyone's dignity, and Dick . . .!

Abruptly, Dick broke into a ringing laugh.

"I guess the joke's on me," he chuckled. "I must have looked pretty funny, huh?"

Elwood's mouth hung open, and I was silent with surprise. Could this be the conceited Dick Dennett talking?

"Say, Elwood, how would you like to give me a few swimming lessons?" Dick continued. "I noticed you were doing all right."

Elwood shook his head. "I think maybe," he said slowly, "I'll have to read up on my psychology. I had you figured wrong . . ."

That idea had begun to occur to me, too. I paused to reflect a moment on this amazing idea, when I heard Dick saying, "If you can postpone that reading for a couple of hours, maybe Lois would like to stay for the tea dance." He turned to me inquiringly.

And what do you think I said?

THE END

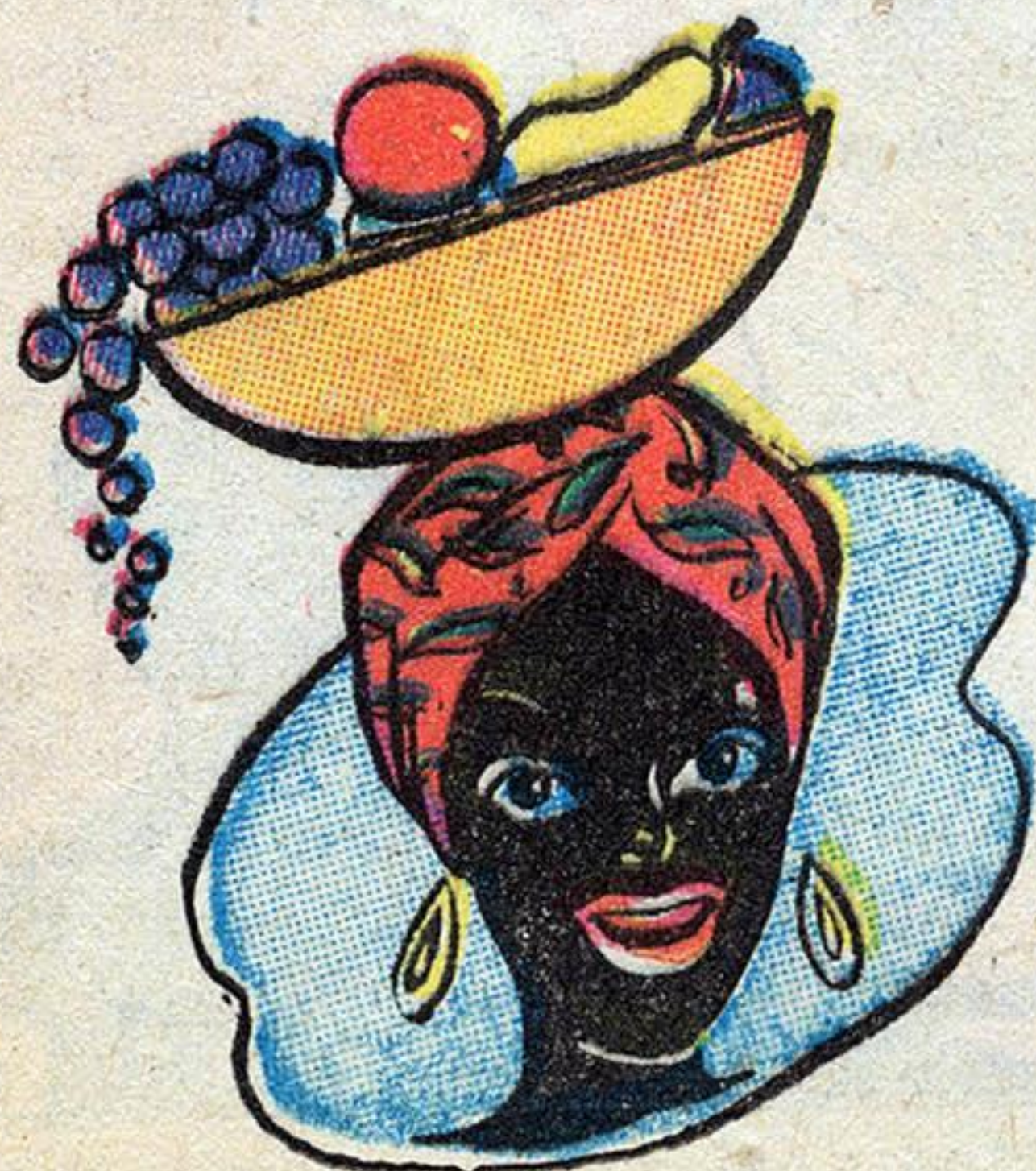


PRALINE PLENTY . . .

For a candy that's a bit on the exotic side, take a hint from New Orleans where they make this PRALINE.

Dissolve 1 cup of brown sugar and 1 cup of white sugar in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of rich cream, and boil until it reaches the thread stage. Stir from time to time to prevent burning. Add 2 tablespoons butter and 1 cup unbroken pecan nut meats. Cook until the syrup reaches the soft ball stage when a small amount is dropped in cold water. Let cool for a few minutes without disturbing, and then beat until it is somewhat thickened, but do not let it lose its gloss and become too grainy; then drop by spoonfuls on a buttered marble slab or cookie sheet. The candy flattens out into large thin cakes. Remove when set, with a spatula.

See if you don't agree with us that it's praline-perfect!



GINGER! . . .

Remember the little gingerbread boy? See if you can't make your own.

Sift together 3 cups sifted flour, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons ginger, 1 tablespoon cinamon, 1 teaspoon cloves, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking soda, 1 cup sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt. Combine 3 well-beaten eggs, a cup of molasses, a cup of sour milk and a cup of butter, melted. Add this mixture gradually to the dry ingredients, stirring and blending well. Then beat hard for a full minute.

Pour into a waxed paper-lined pan and bake in a moderate oven for about 30 minutes until firm when pressed on top.

Serve hot, with whipped cream. And it's ginger!



ANGEL-FOOD ARTISTRY . . .

Mother wants you to be a "little angel"? Well, why not take her literally with this ANGEL FOOD CAKE?

Combine $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints of whipping cream with 6 tablespoons of powdered sugar, 6 tablespoons cocoa and a pinch of salt. The mixture is chilled for an hour and then whipped until stiff.

Now take a 10-inch angel food cake and place it, with the larger surface at bottom, on a large serving plate. Cut the entire top off the cake, three-quarters of an inch from the top, and cut out the center to leave a three-quarter-inch wall of cake all around. Remove this center carefully with a spoon, being careful to leave a wall of cake at the bottom.

Fill the center cavity with the

for youthful figures..

Ariette

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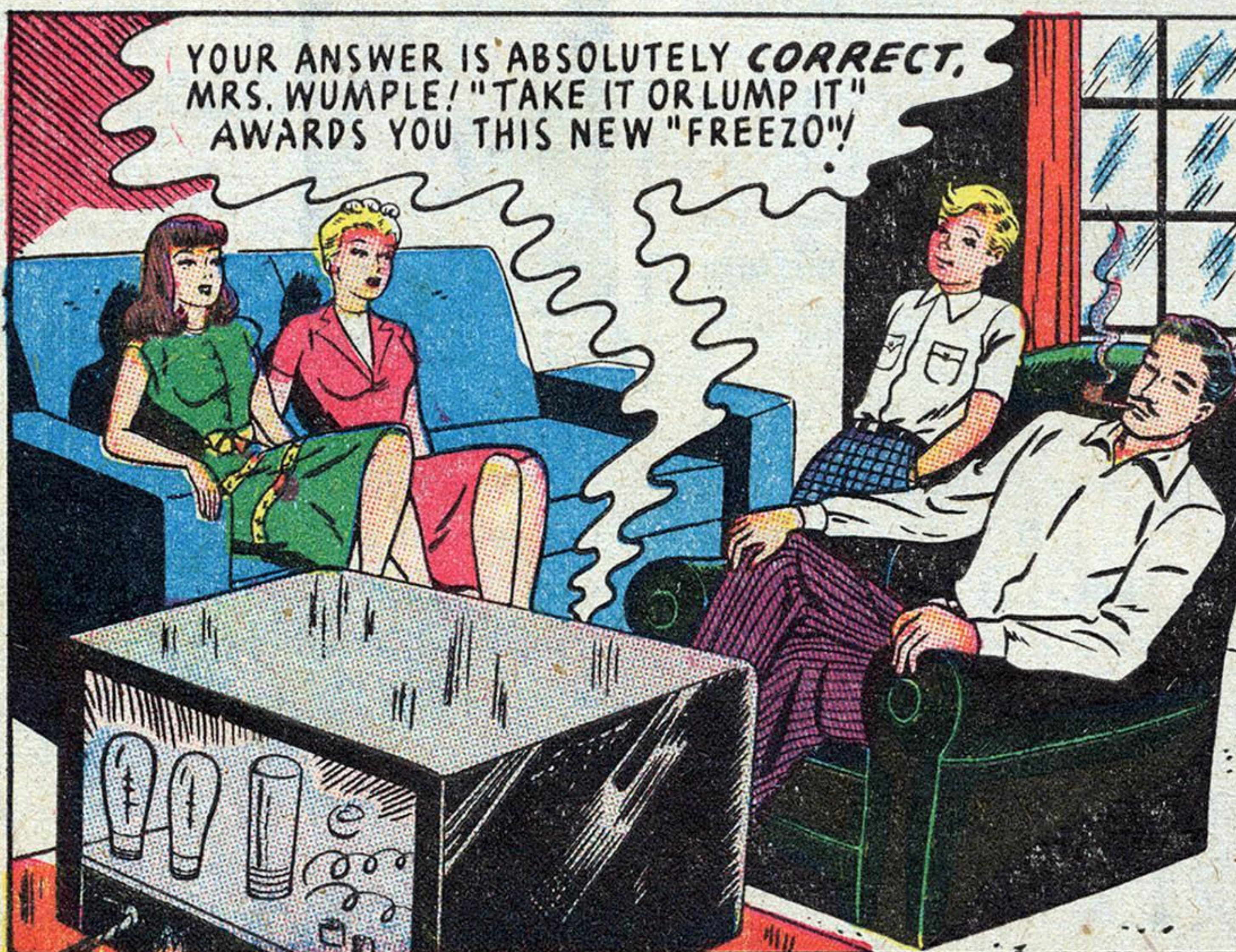
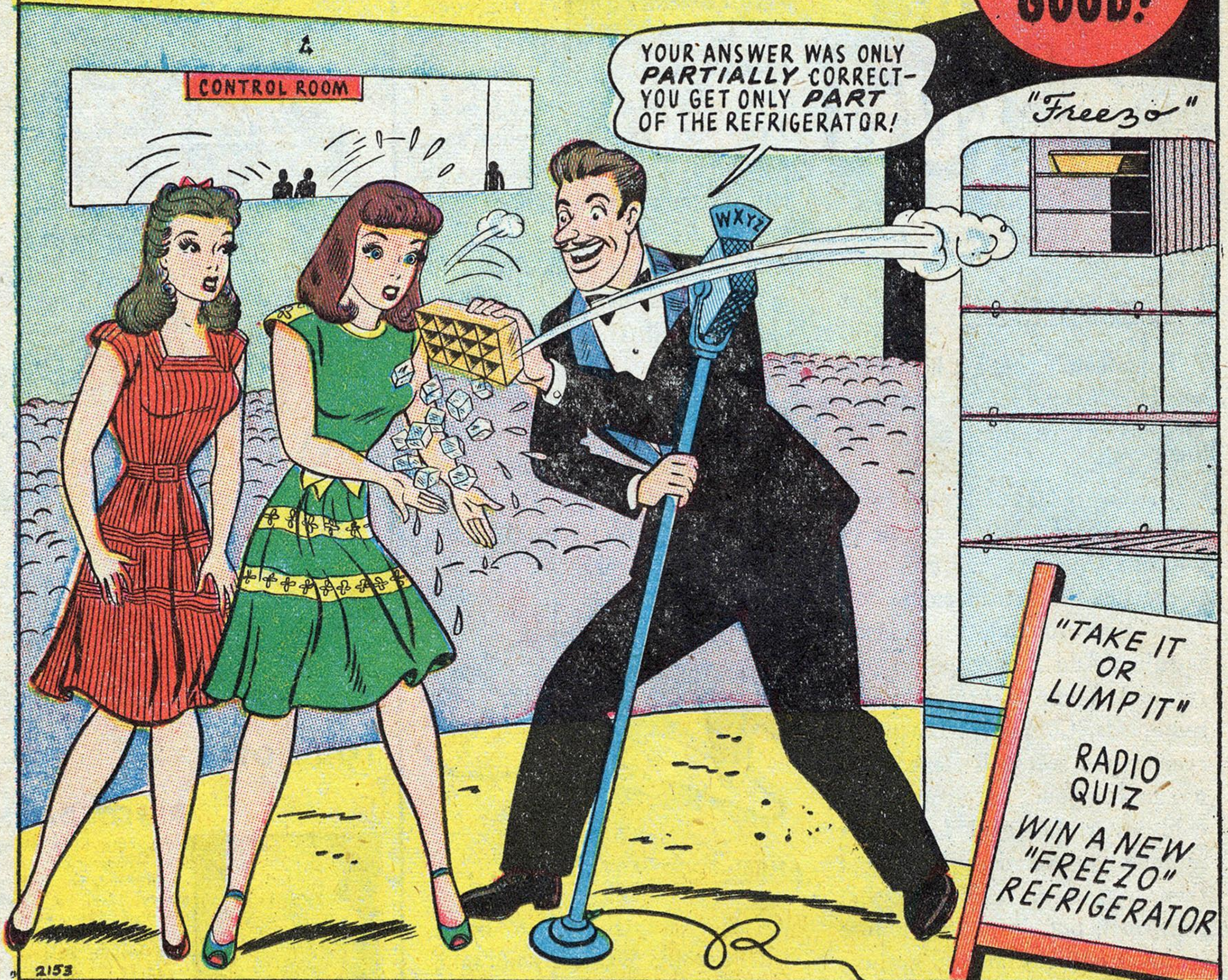
DON ART PRODUCTS 20 E. JACKSON CHICAGO, ILL.

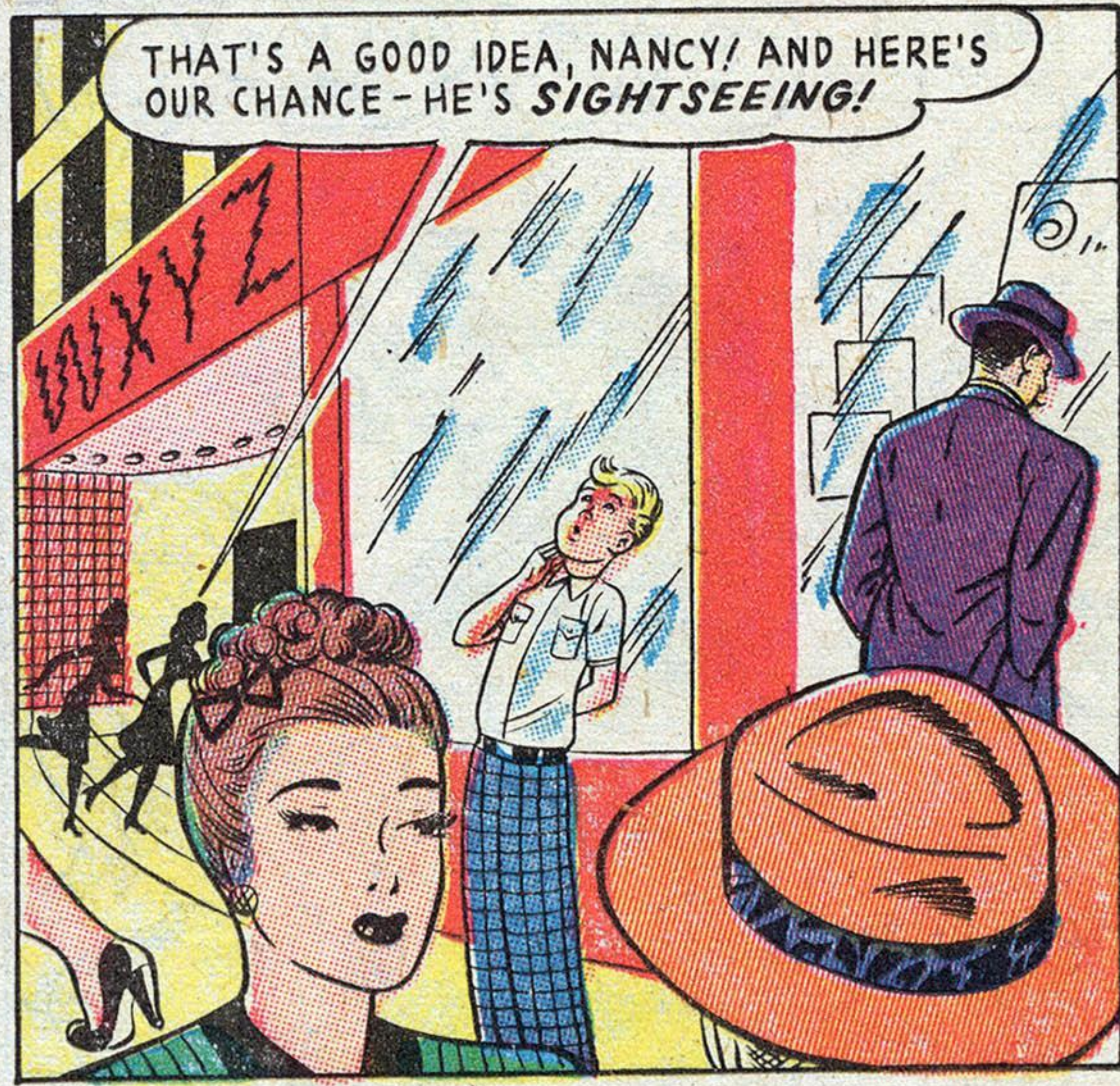
cocoa-cream mixture, to which has been added $\frac{1}{3}$ cup of chopped toasted almonds. Replace the cake top and ice all over with the remaining mixture—shave another $\frac{1}{3}$ cup of toasted almonds and sprinkle over top and sides. Chill thoroughly for two or three hours before serving.

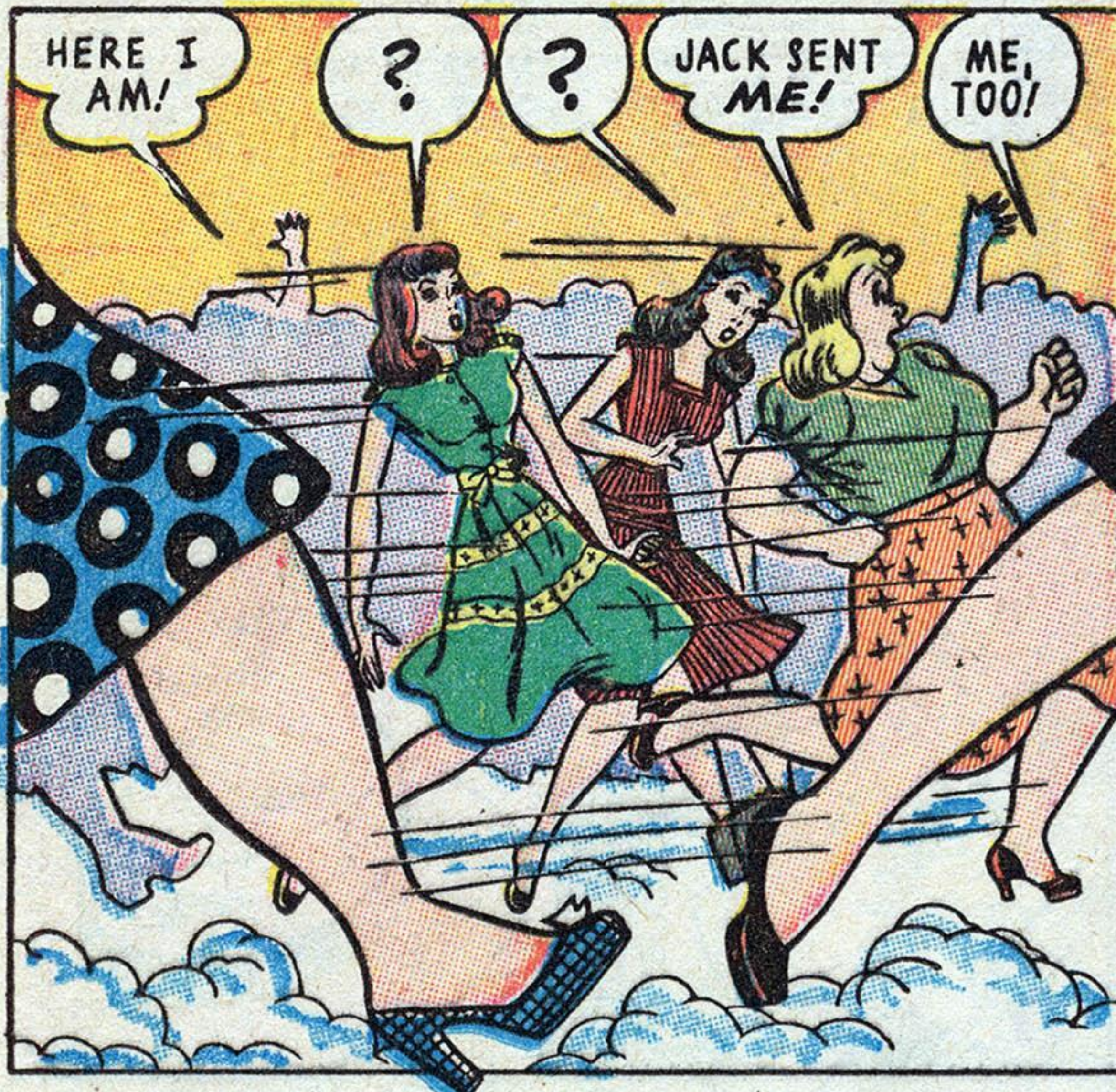
Are your angel's wings ready to take off—for a good, stomach-filling slice?

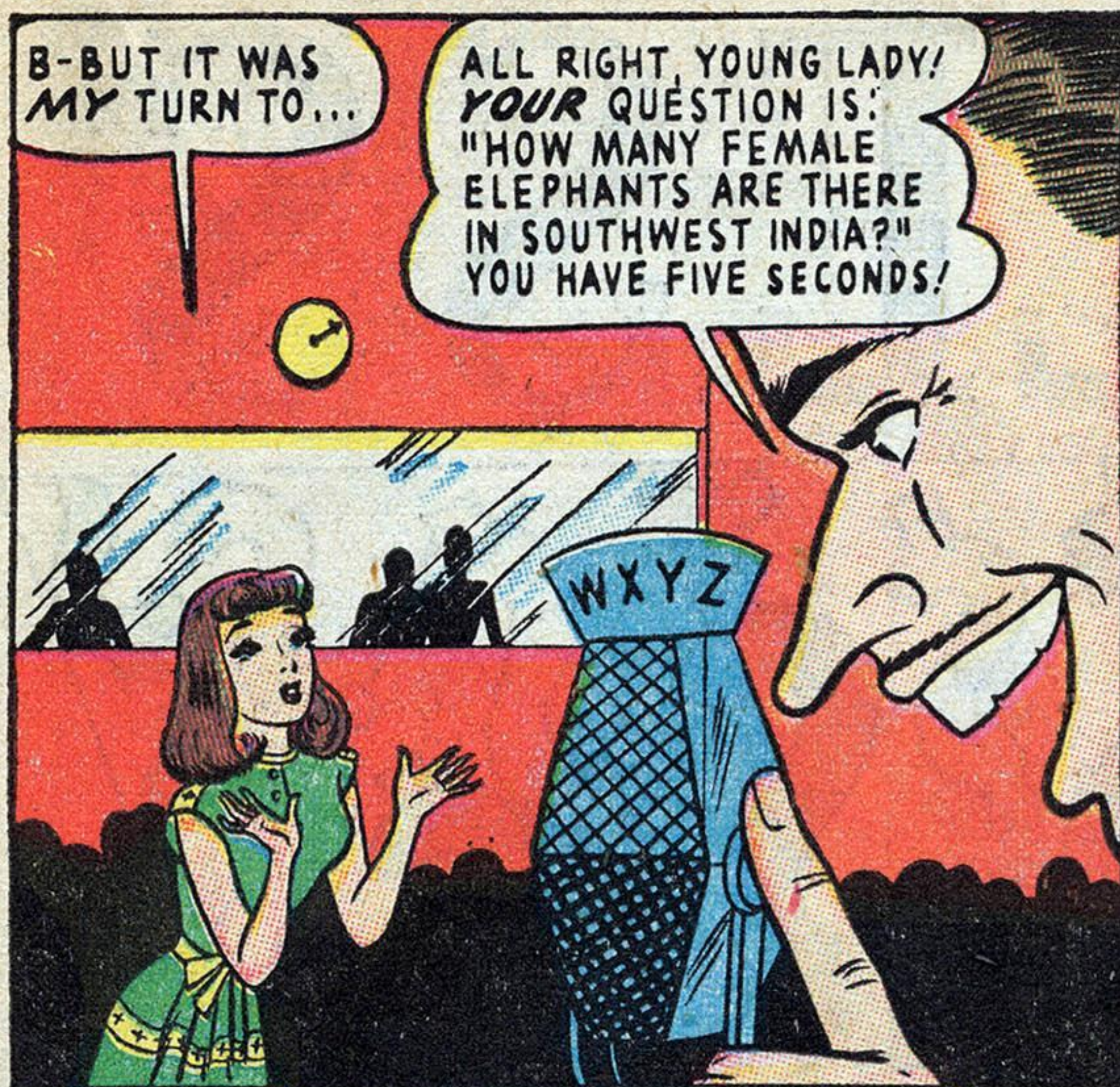
PATSY WALKER

IN
"MICKEY
MAKES
GOOD!"

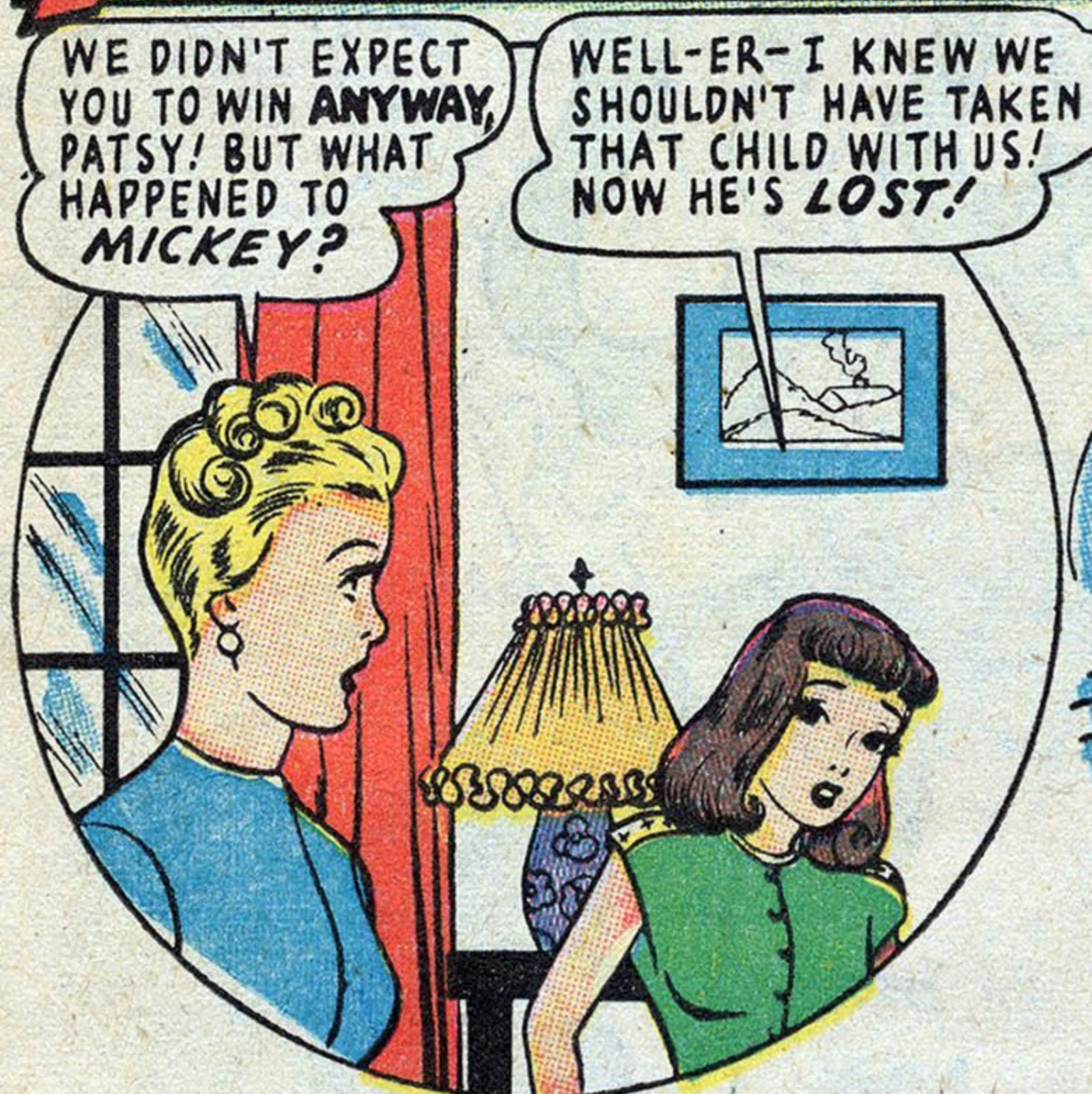








LATER-BACK AT THE WALKER HOUSE...

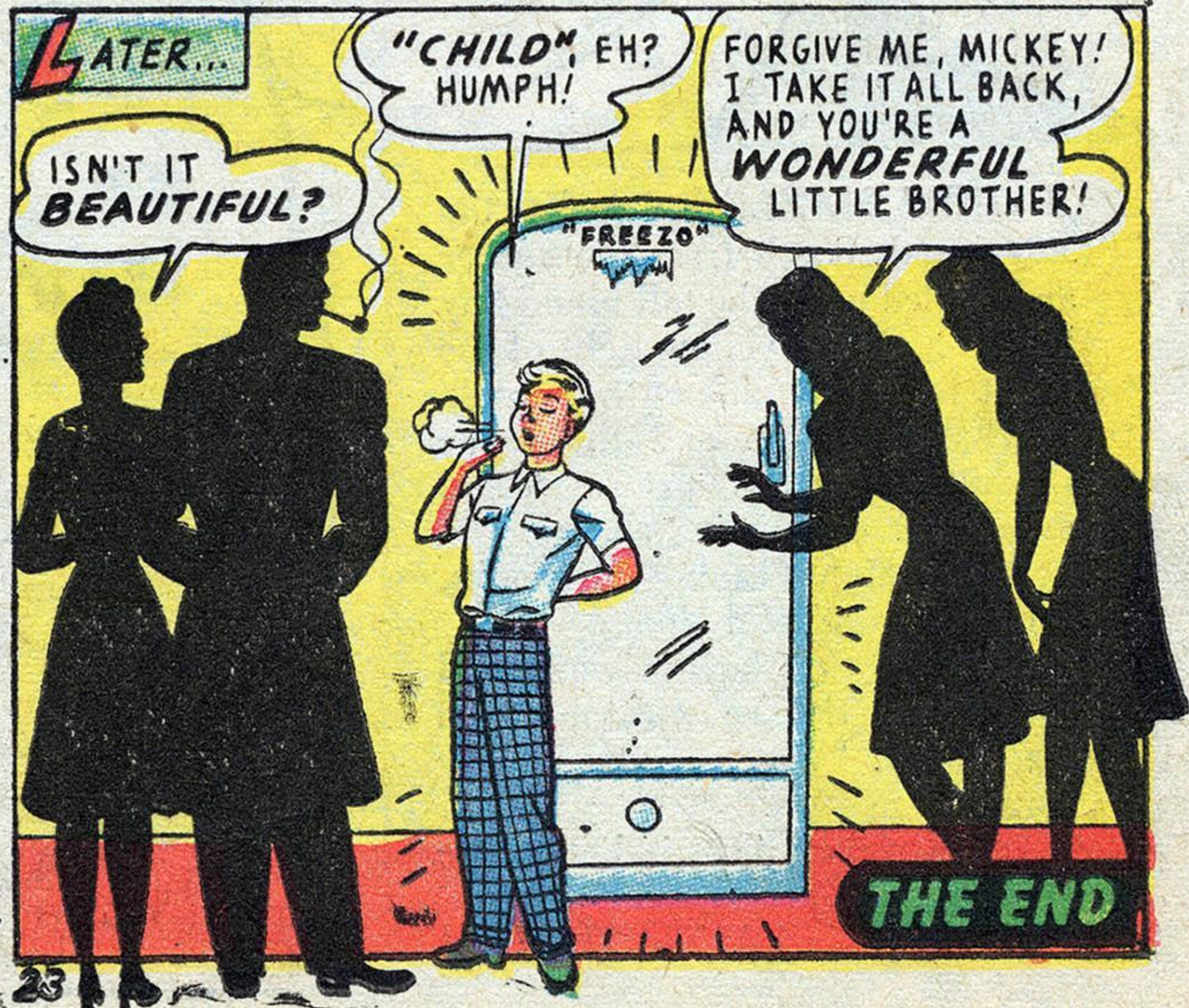
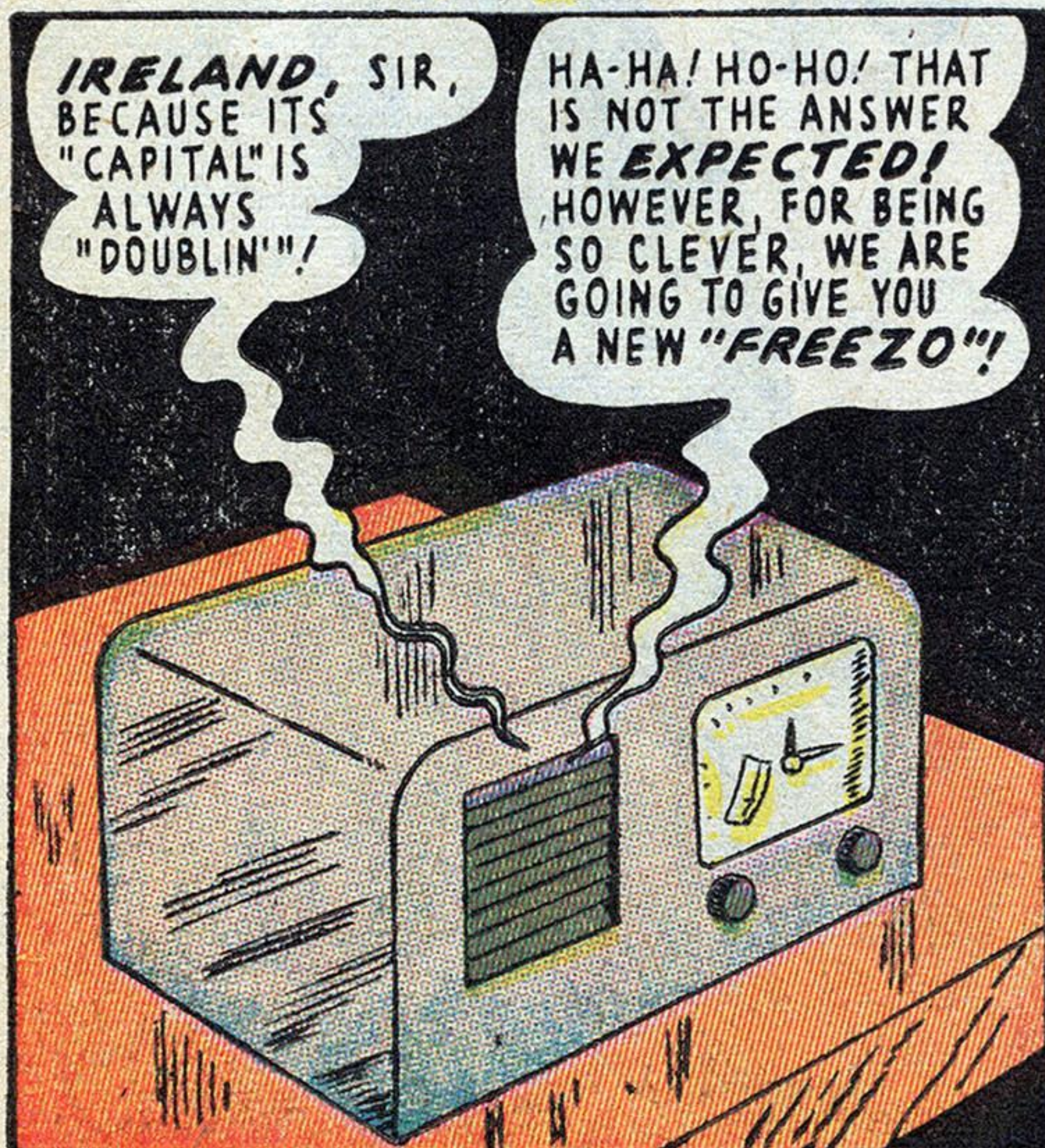
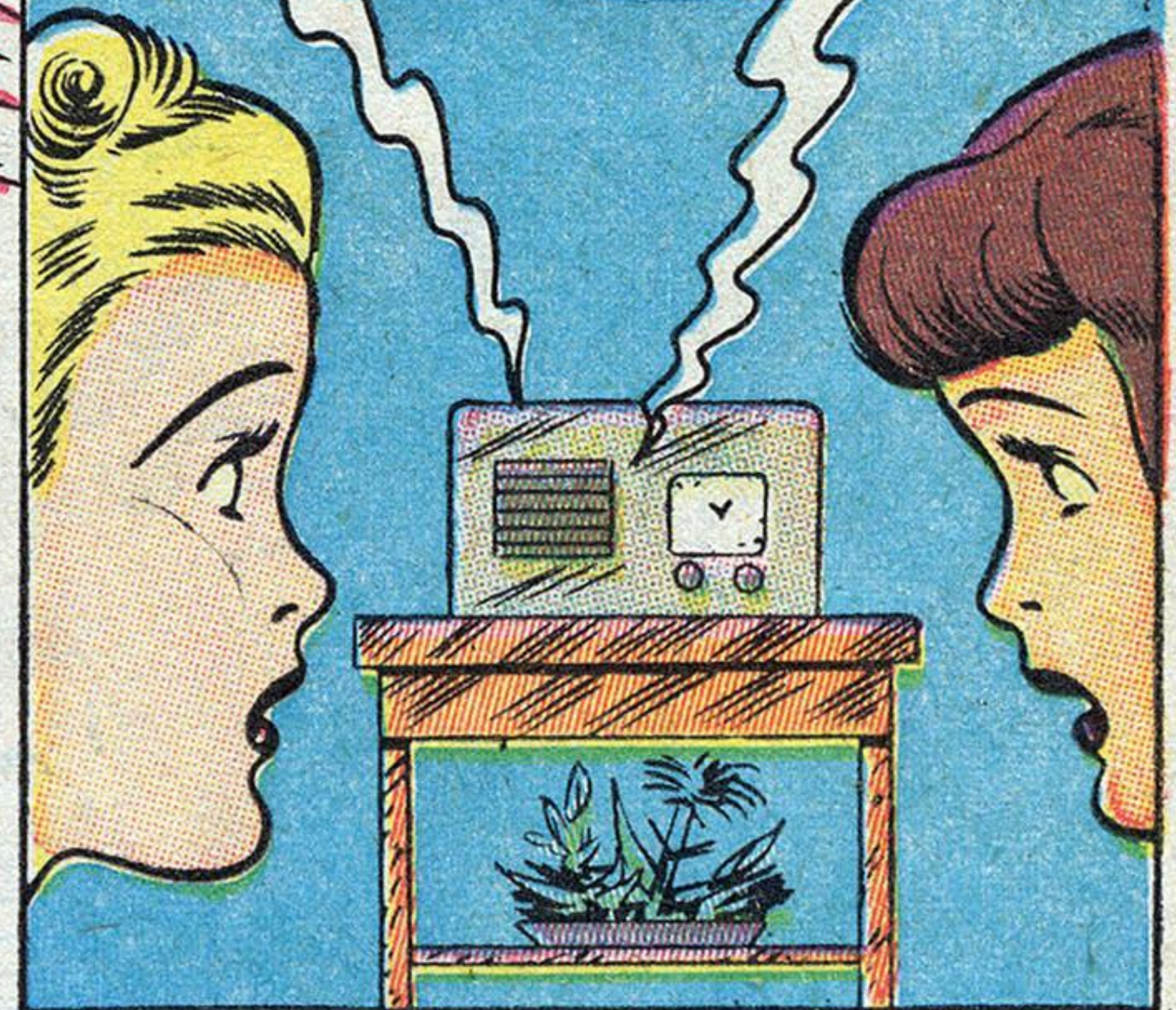


WAIT! WHAT'S THAT ON THE **RADIO**?



MY NAME IS **MICKEY WALKER**, SIR!

ALL RIGHT, MICKEY! YOUR FIRST QUESTION IS: "WHAT IS THE RICHEST COUNTRY IN THE WORLD?"



NO GIRL, NOT EVEN
LINDA MANLEY,
WOULD EVER
SETTLE FOR

LESS

than LOVE



BY
ROSALIE F. WILSON

LINDA MANLEY turned at the fourth porch from the corner and smiled up at the tall blond boy beside her. The yellow light of the street lamp illuminated her small, heart-shaped face and threw the shadow of enormous eyelashes across her soft young cheeks.

"Good-night Frank—and thanks. I had a wonderful time."

"All the girls have a wonderful time when they're with me," he teased her. "Watching Humphrey Bogart."

Linda sighed. "He is but to die for."

Franklin Enright the Third put



his arms around the girl, drew her close and tilted up her chin. She turned gracefully, ducked, patted his cheek and was out of reach, all within the space of a second. As Frank blinked, Linda waved from the shadows of the porch. "Thanks again," she whispered. "And good-night."

He waved and, despite himself, grinned. Some girls kissed a guy good-night. Others didn't. Linda was one of those who didn't, but who made you feel so good about it that somehow you seemed rather like Humphrey Bogart anyway.

He continued to watch the house

until the door closed after her, and then started back down Potter Place. Now that Linda was gone the street took on its usual air of genteel poverty. The small, shabby houses crouched close to one another for comfort and support, and the street lamps unkindly pointed out the weathered paint, the ugly angles and the pathetic, postage-stamp lawns that marked the lower middle class neighborhood.

Unconsciously he began to walk faster, wanting to put Potter Place behind him as quickly as possible.

I must have been crazy, he thought abruptly, even to consider taking Linda to the Junior League hop. Not that Linda herself couldn't get by. That wasn't

less used.

Aunt Hetty might be hipped on family and breeding, but actually the old girl wasn't far wrong at that. There was something substantial about this part of town and its inhabitants. Something solid and dependable.

He turned up a wide, graveled driveway and let himself in softly. He opened the bedroom door carefully and closed it noiselessly behind him.

Bob, his brother, who was one year younger, was propped up on pillows reading. His dark hair was rumpled and one lock hung over his forehead.

"Hi, guy. Have fun?"

people, but actually *nobody*. She didn't go with the right crowd. She didn't know any of the right people, and she was shockingly irreverent about the town's best families.

"Did you date her for the hop?" Bob asked.

Frank shook his head.

"You mean she turned you down?" Bob chuckled. "It's a stuffy affair at that. I can't blame her."

"I mean I didn't ask her," Frank said, stung. "I mean, after all, Bob, Aunt Hetty's right. You can't mix oil and water."

"Not when love means less than either oil or water—or money," Bob answered curtly, his voice

Frank's mouth was thin. "I'm sure." He stared after his brother's pajama'd back. "Where do you think you're going?"

"I'm going to date her for the dance myself. If she'll go with an Enright, which will be the first sign of feeble-mindedness she's shown."

... The Portsville Country Club was banked with flowers. Indirect lighting cast a soft gleam over the waxed floor and the slowly revolving couples on it. The air was cool and fragrant and the music emanated from one of the better name bands.

Everything, Frank thought, would be wonderful if only Emily Taylor wouldn't puff so when she



it. But he could imagine Aunt Hetty's face when she found out where Linda lived, and who she was, or, more accurately, who she wasn't. Aunt Hetty had firm convictions about family, about connections, and most especially, about breeding.

"I am not a snob," Aunt Hetty was fond of remarking. "But you will notice that Man O' War wasn't bred in a livery stable."

Frank crossed Wayne Bouvelard and drew a sigh of relief. Now the houses started to spread out, the streets became wider and cleaner, and heavy old shade trees lined the walks. He breathed deeply. Even the air seemed better somehow, fresher and

Frank shrugged. "It was all right."

"Only all right?" Bob's dark eyes narrowed quizzically and one eyebrow rose in disbelief. "With Linda?"

Frank hung his coat neatly away in the closet. "Oh come now. She isn't *that* wonderful."

"The heck she isn't," Bob said. "She's not only wonderful, she's beautiful, she's smart, and she's fun to be with. You get all the breaks."

Frank shrugged. Everything Bob had said was true, but the things he omitted were even truer. Linda Manley lived in the wrong part of town. Moreover she lived with the O'Briens, nice friendly

gruff with anger. And he added harshly, "You wouldn't be considering Aunt Hetty's silly will?"

"There isn't anything silly about the kind of money Aunt Hetty's leaving," Frank said flushing. "There isn't anything silly about her wanting this house to pass into good hands either. If she wants to leave everything to whichever one of us marries the best, she has a right to do it. And her reasons are sound."

Bob kicked off the covers. "She's a foolish old woman," he said. "Kind, maybe, but mistaken. What's money anyway? You sure you're not taking Linda?"

danced. Emily missed a step and looked up at Frank in annoyance. "Sorry," he said.

They were dancing past the buffet table. Emily stopped and squealed, "Look, Frankie. Isn't it beautiful? And I'm starved."

Dinner was less than two hours behind and Emily was at least 10 pounds overweight. Frank smothered a quick flash of annoyance.

"Can I get you something?"

Emily pointed a pudgy finger. "That looks wonderful."

He stood by Emily dutifully while she chewed. As he watched the floor, Bob and Linda danced by

Linda was beautiful in a soft, fluffy gown of blue that left her luminous shoulders bare and hugged her tiny waistline tight, billowing out in yards of shimmering skirt beneath her hips. She was laughing up at Bob and her long fair hair hung thick and curling over her shoulders.

Emily grasped his arm. "Who in the world did Bob bring?"

"Linda Manley."

"Linda Manley?" Emily frowned. "She's not a regular is she?"

"No, she isn't one of our crowd. She lives across town somewhere. Potter Place, I think."

Emily wrinkled her nose. "Potter Place. Our landress lives there." She eyed Linda thoughtfully. "Too skinny. And common looking, isn't she?"

Frank felt suppressed fury rising in him. For a brief moment he wondered if mere money was worth it. Then he thought of Potter Place and shuddered.

"How right you are, Emily."

Emily peered over Frank's shoulder. "What's going on down there?"

The reception committee was in a huddle and flutterings and rustlings could be heard all the way across the room.

Emily turned her solid bulk. "Dance that way, Frankie."

Dexterously he steered her toward the other side.

There was a man—tall, lean, distinguished—smiling in gracious acknowledgment of the excited twitterings. Aunt Hetty, impeccably groomed and corseted, was bursting with excitement. Her large, slightly protuberant eyes lit on Frank and she beckoned imperiously.

Frank led Emily to his aunt. She was speaking as he approached. "... the famous writer, lecturer and ... " she giggled archly, "adventurer. This is my nephew Frank and the sweet little girl with him is Emily Taylor." In an aside she explained carefully, "Emily's father is president of the Pottsville Bank."

The man shook hands with Frank, nodded at Emily.

"We're delighted, simply delighted, that you could come," Aunt Hetty confided.

"This isn't one of my scheduled stops," the man said. "But my daughter is staying in town and since I was lecturing in Northton, I flew down to see her."

"Your daughter?"

"She doesn't like racketing around all over the country," the man explained, "and since my wife died, she's been traveling with me. But this year she went to live with an old nurse of hers so she could, as she puts it, 'set roots down'. Nanny takes wonderful care of her and all her letters have assured me she's very happy. But you know how it is. I had to see for myself."

"Of course," Aunt Hetty twittered understandingly.

The man's eyes were watching the crowd, lighting briefly on one face after another.

Frank felt his stomach muscles tighten. The hairs at the back of his neck prickled. It couldn't be! And yet he was sure that the girl this man was looking for was—had to be—Linda.

Suddenly the man's face lit with a brilliant radiance. Following his eyes Frank saw her, holding tightly to Bob's hand, running toward them. Aunt Hetty was beaming at Bob.

Slowly Frank turned away. The pudgy girl at his side was tugging at his arm. "I want to dance, Frankie." She giggled for no reason.

Frank gritted his teeth. And this time he tripped her—purposely. As she fell to the floor, he muttered viciously, "less than love," remembering what Bob had said that night in his room.

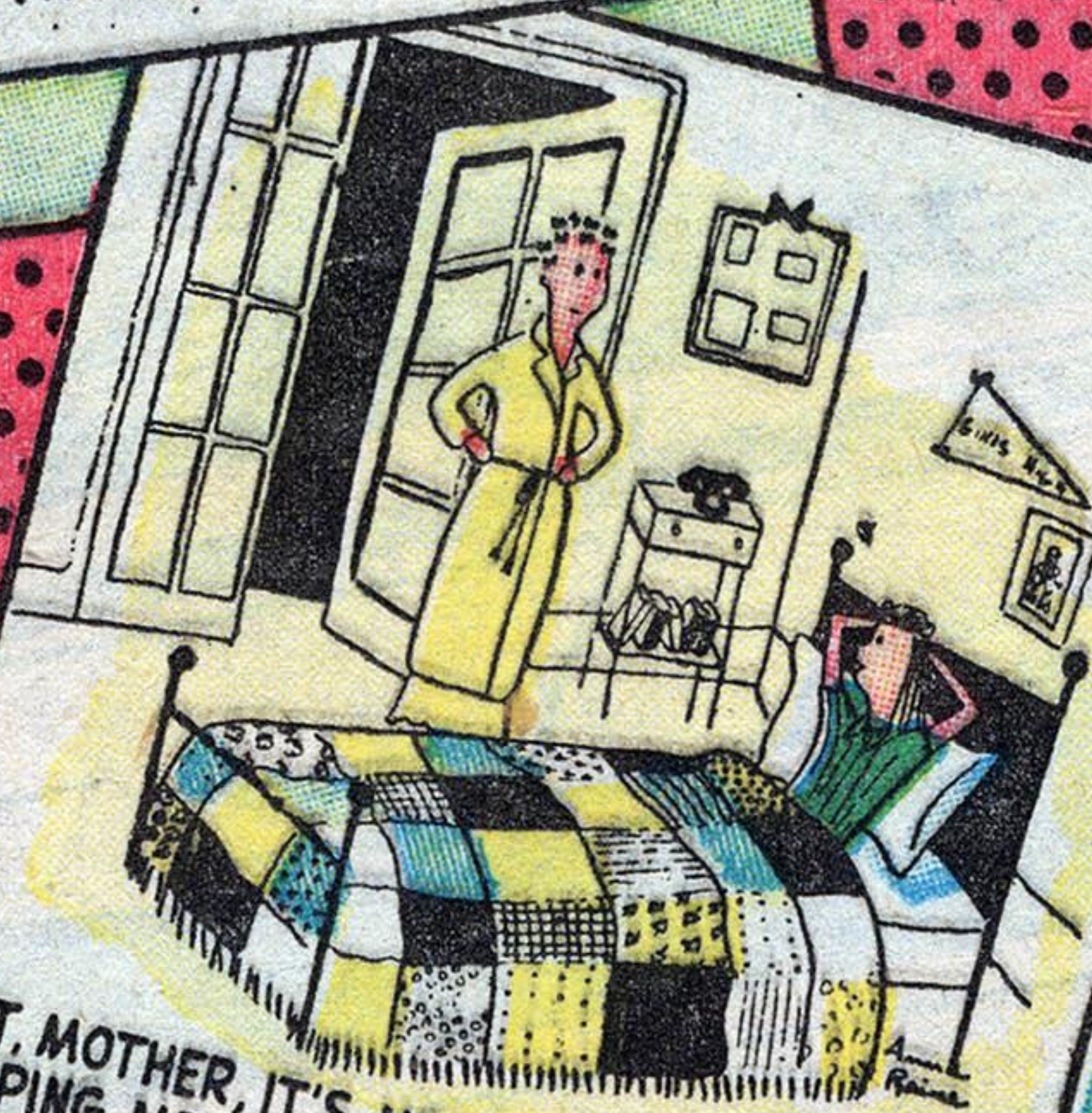
Once again she giggled up at him—from her prone position. "What is it, Frankie, dear? What's wrong?"

"Love—love!" he shouted, and stalked away, leaving her—still giggling—in the midst of the floor.





WHY, DOTTIE DARLIN' HOW WONDERFUL MEETING YOU HERE!



BUT, MOTHER, IT'S NOT THE COFFEE THAT'S KEEPING ME AWAKE. IT'S THE THOUGHT OF ALL THOSE CALORIES IN THE SUGAR, CREAM AND DONUTS.



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IT HAPPENED on



THAT WAS WHEN REALIZATION HIT HER, AND WITH IT THE DEEPEST TERROR SHE'D EVER KNOWN. BARRY WOULDN'T BE EXPECTING DANGER AND THIS MAN WOULD KILL HIM!

THIS wasn't blue Monday, Betty Ann thought resentfully, it was black without even a tiny edge of color to relieve the gloom!

Hurt blue eyes followed the uniformed figure on the motorcycle and suddenly her lips quivered. "Darn it all, no man had any right to be so attractive if he wasn't just a tiny bit human!"

For over a month now it had been the same. She'd done everything she knew to win some attention from Barry Evarts, the new highway cop, and all she got for her trouble was a ticket for speeding.

Which wasn't good any way you looked at it—particularly since the car was a hard-won 17th birthday gift from her dad who was still skeptical—and who had vowed to revoke it if she got just one more ticket. It wasn't that she liked speeding . . . it was just that, well . . . you can hardly expect somebody who's been driving for just a month to keep her eye on the speedometer as well as the road!

Mechanically she let in the clutch and wheeled her smart maroon sedan back onto the road. Barry was still on her mind. There must be *some* way to break

the

HIGHWAY

BY
LORENA ANN OLMSTED

THE COUPLE IN THE BACK SEAT PLOTTED HER DOOM! BETTY ANN KNEW IT AS HER MIND RACED FURIOUSLY AHEAD. IT WAS EITHER HER OR BARRY . . .



him down. Surely the man knew how to smile. He didn't get those little crinkles at the corner of his mouth from scowling. Maybe someday . . .

A mile sped by, two, then abruptly Betty Ann's slim foot flashed to the brake, bearing down with all her strength. Someone . . . a woman . . . was lying in the road and she wasn't moving.

With a screeching of brakes, Betty Ann slid her car to a stop inches from the prone figure. Almost before the wheels stopped turning she was out of the car and running toward the woman.

Then as she bent to touch her, the apparently lifeless body suddenly came to life, rolled over and got swiftly to her feet. Betty Ann saw that she had a small, wicked looking gun in her hand.

"All right, Jed," she called softly. The bushes beside the road parted and a young man slid out and hurried toward them.

"Get back into the car," he ordered, "and don't try any monkey business. If you do," he gestured with the gun he carried and Betty Ann knew exactly what he meant. She stared at him, unable to believe

that this could be happening to her. Why it was broad daylight on a public highway. They must be desperate to take such chances.

Rough fingers bit into her arm and a voice that was like the harsh rasp of sandpaper, snarled, "I said, get back into the car. You're driving us to San Francisco."

Betty Ann's blue eyes went wide. "But . . ." she stammered.

"No buts about it," the man interrupted. "Our car's off there in the bushes with a bullet hole in the gas tank. Either you drive us or we're taking your car and leaving you behind. Take your choice."

Betty Ann shuddered. This was no joke. And her new car! One look into the cold, hard eyes told her this man wouldn't hesitate an instant to kill her. "I . . . I'll drive you," she told him.

"Now you're getting smart!" There was grim approval in the words as he and the girl climbed into

the back seat. "The cops are looking for a black roadster so they won't pay any attention to us." Then he added, "And, sister, you better not try to attract their attention!"

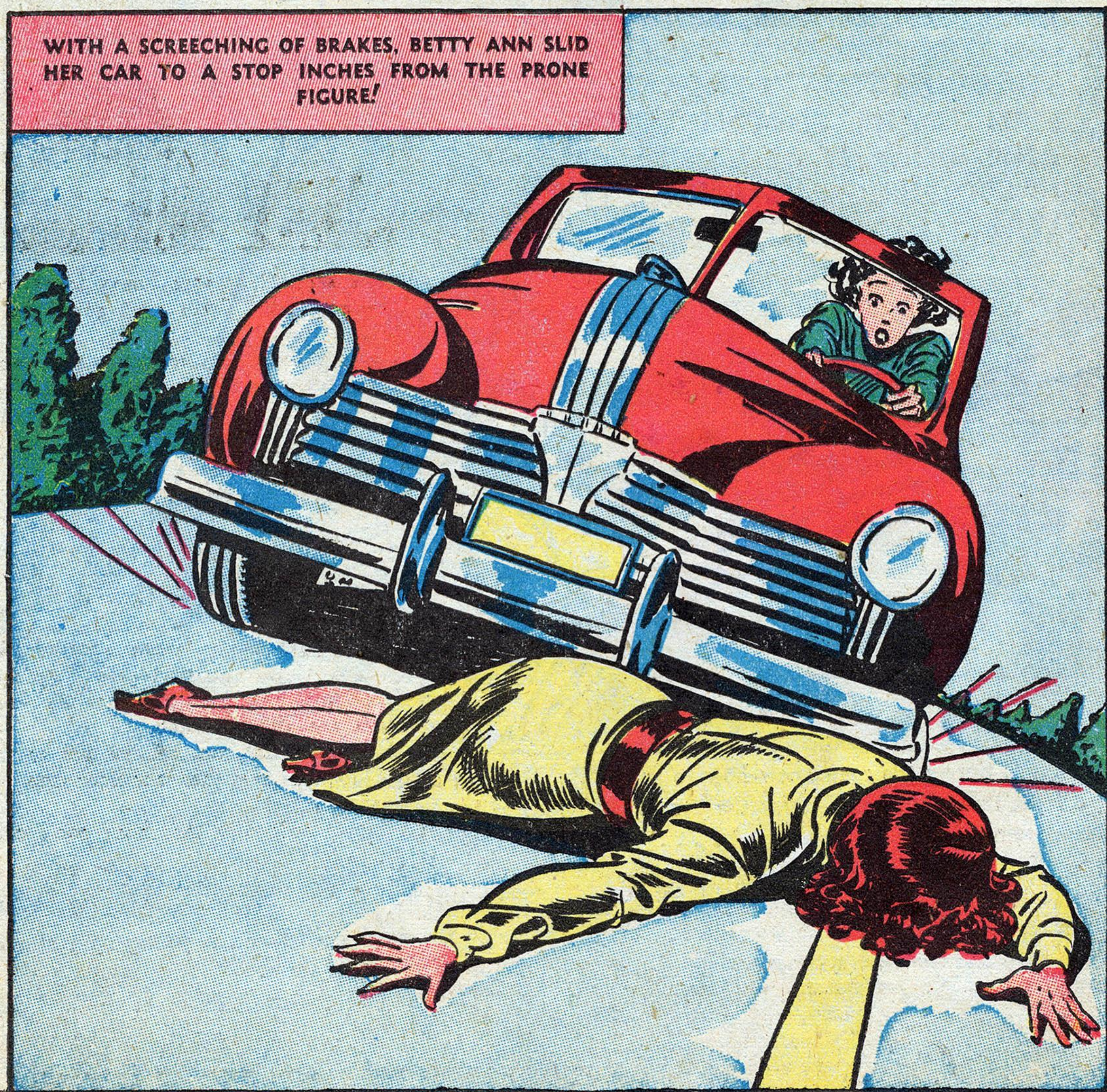
In the mirror Betty Ann's eyes met his and a hard, frightening lump pressed against her soft throat. He'd never let her live once they'd reached San Francisco. He couldn't risk it.

Her whole body felt numb as she started the car. It didn't seem possible that she was being forced to help two vicious criminals to escape the law. Here they were on a well traveled highway, with motorcycle cops . . .

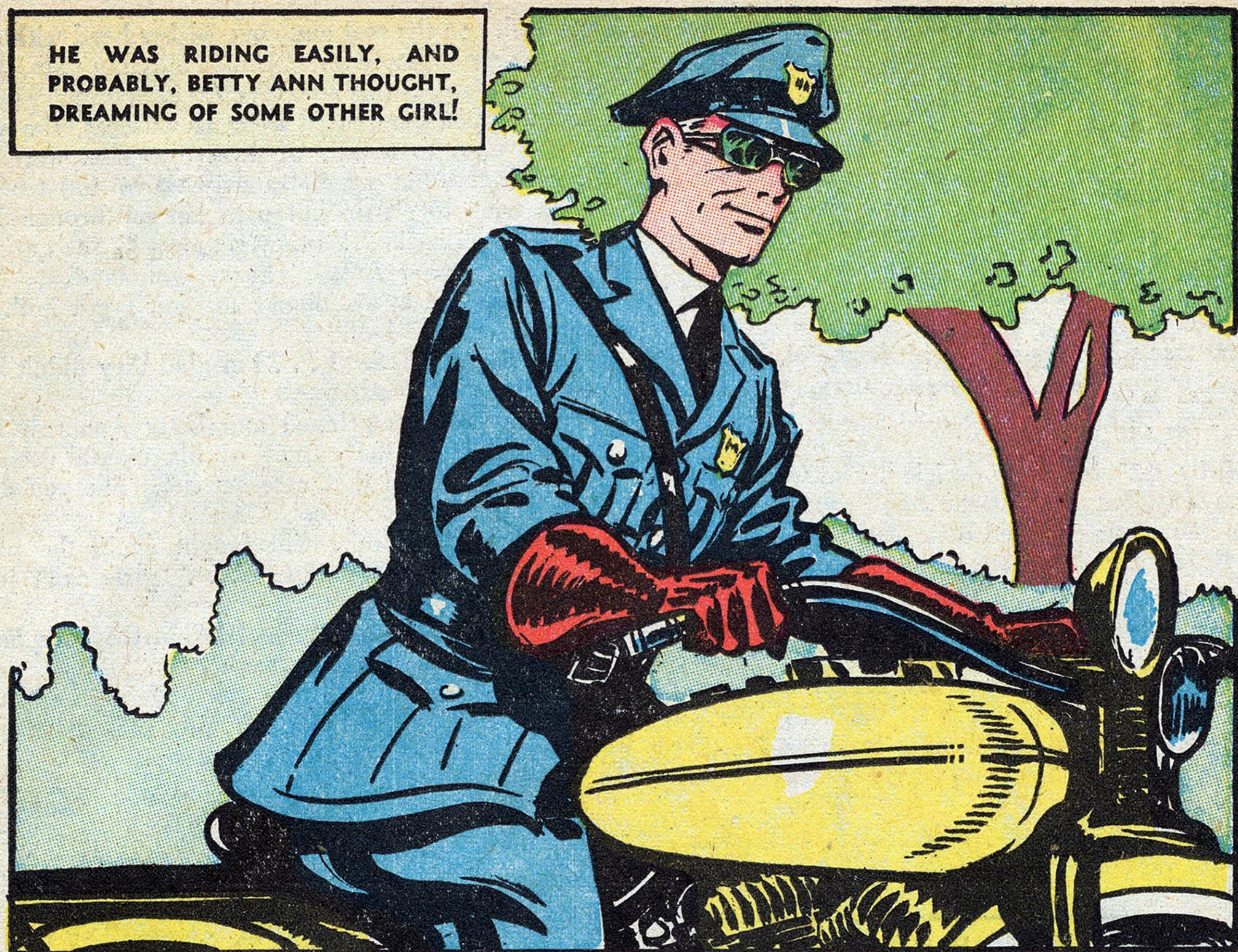
Something clicked in her brain. Motorcycle cops! Barry! He should be coming back before too long. If only she could signal to him, let him know what was happening.

Then despair gripped her. How could she? Even if she saw him she wouldn't dare make a sign unless

WITH A SCREECHING OF BRAKES, BETTY ANN SLID HER CAR TO A STOP INCHES FROM THE PRONE FIGURE!



HE WAS RIDING EASILY, AND PROBABLY, BETTY ANN THOUGHT, DREAMING OF SOME OTHER GIRL!



she wanted a bullet in the back of her head.

Just then she saw what looked like a police cordon ahead. "Sit tight, sister," the man ordered, jamming the pistol against her head. "And when they stop us, we're your aunt and uncle, see."

Betty Ann was thinking fast and quick. This might be her last chance.

She was almost upon the cordon when suddenly she swerved the car, dangerously side-swiping the lead automobile that read "State Police."

"Stop the car." It was the police. And for an instant she felt relieved. From the mirror, she saw that the man was nodding his head in assent. But, at the same time, she again felt the gun pressed against her back. Apparently, he had it hidden under his jacket.

"What's goin' on here?" The cop looked belligerent, but—and Betty Ann's heart sank—he didn't seem at all suspicious.

The woman answered, all sweetness and light. "Our mother's just been taken seriously ill and our niece here," she nodded in the direction of Betty Ann, "is rushing us to a hospital."

The cop looked sympathetic. "Okay. Only be careful. There's a couple o' crooks in the neighborhood."

Once again on the road, a flood of self-pity washed over Betty Ann.

Maybe Barry would be sorry when she was dead. Maybe he . . . She got that far when she saw him coming. He was riding easily, and probably, Betty Ann thought, dreaming of some other girl.

She felt, rather than saw, the abrupt tensing of the

man in the back seat. "No more funny ideas from you, sister," he growled. "There ain't gonna be no second chance this time."

"I'm not a fool," Betty Ann snapped, even while her mind was working like a well-oiled piston. There must be some way. Even if Barry didn't like her, he'd never let them kidnap her, *IF HE KNEW ABOUT IT*. Suddenly she had it, Barry had warned her not to let him catch her speeding again and had intimated that something unpleasant would happen if he did.

Carefully she pressed her toe on the accelerator. As she passed Barry she was doing over 50. Just enough.

She caught his angry glare as she whizzed past, but dared not look in the mirror to see if he were turning. It wasn't until she heard the snarling whine of the siren that she knew he had.

Gradually she eased her foot off the gas so that when the man looked over her shoulder she was doing a safe 45.

"Step on it!" he ordered, "that nosy cop's chasing us!"

With nerves tensed, Betty Ann obeyed. Fifty . . . 55 . . . 60. There was no more certain way to keep Barry following.

. . . Speeding along behind the car, Barry muttered fiercely, "that fool kid!" And it wasn't so much the speeding that he was referring to. True, it was her wild disregard for safety which had started him off on her track. But he was close enough now to see that she wasn't alone. Moreover, he thought . . .

yes, he was certain the couple in the car were up to no good.

Suddenly he remembered that the Captain had mentioned there were a couple of thieves who were trying to make their getaway in the vicinity.

"Fool kid," he muttered once again, and put his foot on the gas . . .

. . . The siren was louder now. He was drawing closer. A swift glance in the mirror showed Betty Ann the man crouched on the back seat, his gun gripped in his hand.

That was when realization hit her, and with it the deepest terror she'd ever known. Barry wouldn't be expecting danger and this man would kill him! It was all her fault.

Swiftly she reached a decision. She was going to die anyway, but perhaps she could save Barry. He'd never know what she had done, but maybe he would be a little sorry that she was dead.

With a quick jerk at the wheel, she headed the car for the edge of the road. There was a soft shoulder and a ditch . . . at the last minute she cut the motor and stepped on the brake, but nothing could stop the hurtling rush of the heavy car.

She was aware of a sickening lurch as she threw

herself flat on the seat and covered her head with her arms. There followed a moment of blinding pain, then darkness that was like a velvet curtain before her eyes.

. . . When she roused to consciousness, she was looking up into a pair of dark eyes that were no longer angry, but were strangely warm and tender.

She tried to sit up but pain lanced through her and she sank back. "Did they get away?" she gasped.

"Take it easy, Angel," Barry commanded. "No, they didn't get away, thanks to you. I got both of them . . . and the loot."

Betty Ann smiled. "I . . . I'm glad they didn't kill you," she whispered.

"So am I." He grinned and Betty Ann saw the little crinkles at the corner of his mouth deepen. "You know, a girl that uses her head like you did, ought to be on the force."

"But . . ." bewilderment fought again the pain and the threatening darkness . . . "girls can't join the force!"

"No," came the smiling reply, "but they can have boy friends who are in it, can't they?"

Betty Ann no longer cared about the pain and the darkness that was closing down upon her. She wasn't going to die. She'd get well, and some day . . .

THE END

BETTY ANN NO LONGER CARED ABOUT THE PAIN AND THE DARKNESS THAT WAS CLOSING DOWN UPON HER!





HOLLYWOOD HAMBURGERS . . .

It's a ready steady for teen-age star Barbara Bates, currently appearing in the United Artists' "Hal Roach Comedy Carnival". Barbara's favorite dish is that good old staple, the hamburger.

Here's how for two:

- ½ lb. ground beef chuck
- 2 tablespoonfuls butter, or fortified margarine
- ½ cup catchup
- 1 tsp. prepared mustard
- 4 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 tbs. lemon juice
- ¼ cup water

Barbara forms the meat into 4 patties, handling as little as possible. She browns them ever so lightly in butter. Then she takes all the remaining ingredients, the catchup, the mustard, Worcestershire sauce, etc., puts them in the pan, and stirs all together. Then she spoons this tasty sauce over the hamburgers. Covers it and lets simmer for 3 or 4 minutes to taste.



BANANA-BACON-BUMPKIN . . .

Bananas are your favorite fruit and bacon your favorite meat? Well, combine them for an extra-special treat.

Cut the bananas in 3 pieces of equal size and then cut these pieces down the center. Wrap a piece of the bacon around each ½ piece. Secure with a toothpick and dab a bit of butter on top.

Bake in a hot oven for 15 minutes and serve piping hot. For extra zest, squeeze a little lemon juice over the banana pieces before wrapping them in the bacon.

Sounds odd, but taste it for proof of the pudding.



ITALIAN INTRIGUE . . .

For an old-world dish with new-world zip, try this recipe called GNOCCHI ROMANA.

Boil 3 cups of milk with a little salt and a dash of nutmeg. Add 1 cup yellow corn meal, a little at a time, so as not to halt the boiling. Stir with a whip or a wooden spoon and let cook for 20 minutes.

Then thicken with the beaten yolks of 2 eggs and spread out on a buttered pan to quarter-inch thickness. When cool, cut with a round cookie cutter—a two-inch one is best.

Place these rounds in a buttered serving dish and sprinkle them well with grated Parmesan cheese. dot with butter and brown quickly under the broiler. Serve with tomato sauce, made according to the directions on a can of real tomato paste.

It's Ita-luscious!

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I ☐ Small ☐ Medium ☐ Large

☐ I am enclosing \$_____ Ship post paid

☐ Ship C.O.D. I'll pay postman \$_____ plus postage

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PATSY WALKER

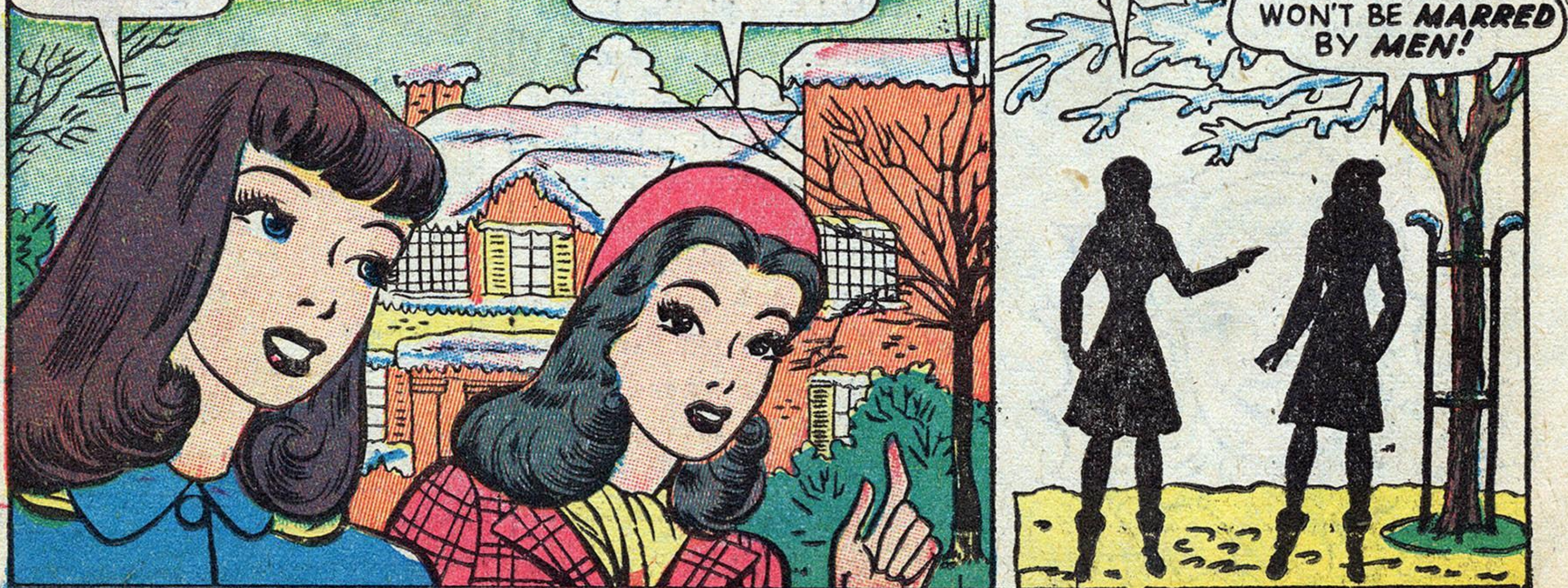


WASN'T IT SUPER OF DADDY TO RENT A CABIN IN THE MOUNTAINS FOR THE THANKSGIVING HOLIDAYS?

BUT **DEF!** I'M GLAD MY FOLKS LET ME ACCEPT YOUR DAD'S INVITATION TO GO WITH YOU!

OH, **LOOK!** HERE COMES BUZZ AND RIP!

WE MAY AS WELL SAY GOOD-BY! THIS IS ONE VACATION THAT WON'T BE **MARRIED** BY MEN!



WE'VE BEEN **LOOKING** FOR YOU TWO! HOW'S ABOUT GOING TO THE THANKSGIVING DAY FOOTBALL GAME WITH ME, PATSY?

I'VE GOT A COUPLE OF DUCATS, NANCY! LET'S MAKE IT A DOUBLE DATE—WHAT SAY?

—BUT SORRY, BOYS! WE'RE LOOKING FORWARD TO **GETTING AWAY** FROM THE **MALE** ANIMAL FOR A FEW DAYS!

S'LONG, BOYS! WE'RE OFF TO THE WONDERFUL "**MANLESS**" MOUNTAIN RETREAT! SEE YOU WHEN WE GET BACK!

I'D LOVE TO, RIP, BUT—

SHUCKS AND I WANTED RIP TO ASK ME! HE'S KINDA CUTE!

MOTHER! DAD! WHOA! WAIT FOR US!

HURRY, GIRLS! ANOTHER MINUTE AND WE'D HAVE LEFT WITHOUT YOU!

IT'S ABOUT TIME!

IF WE WAITED ANY LONGER FOR YOU TWO WE'D BE JUST IN TIME FOR A **CHRISTMAS** VACATION!

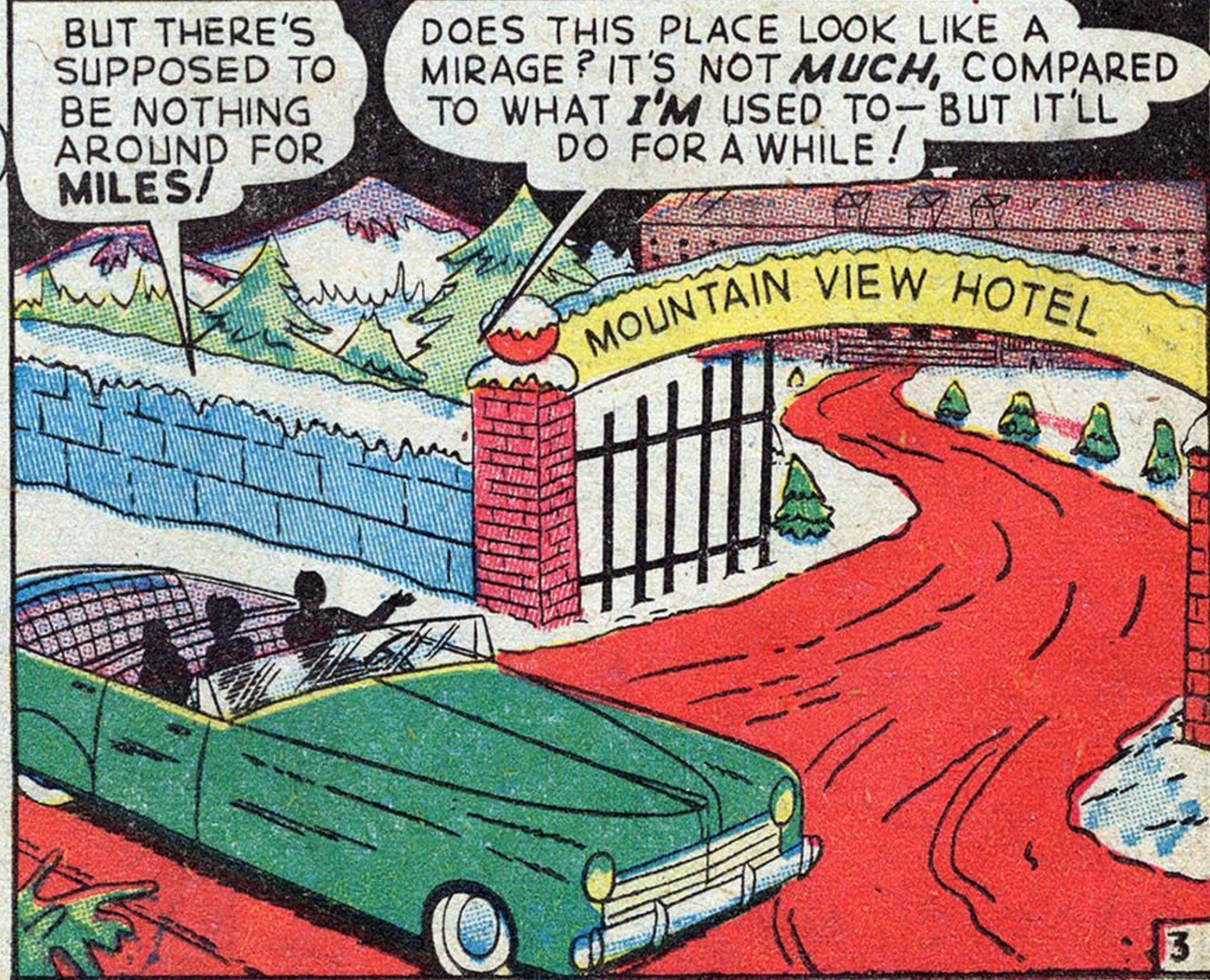
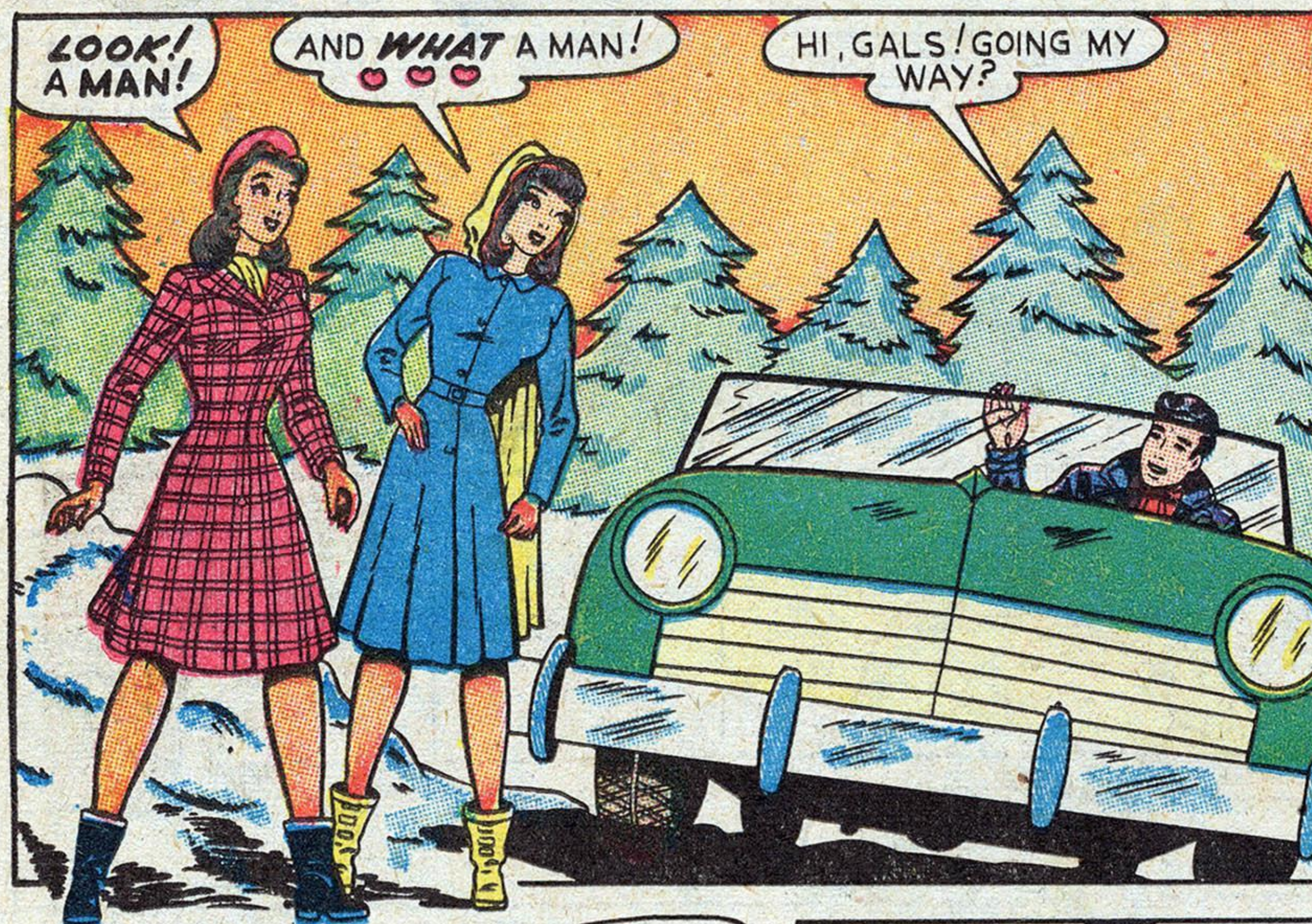
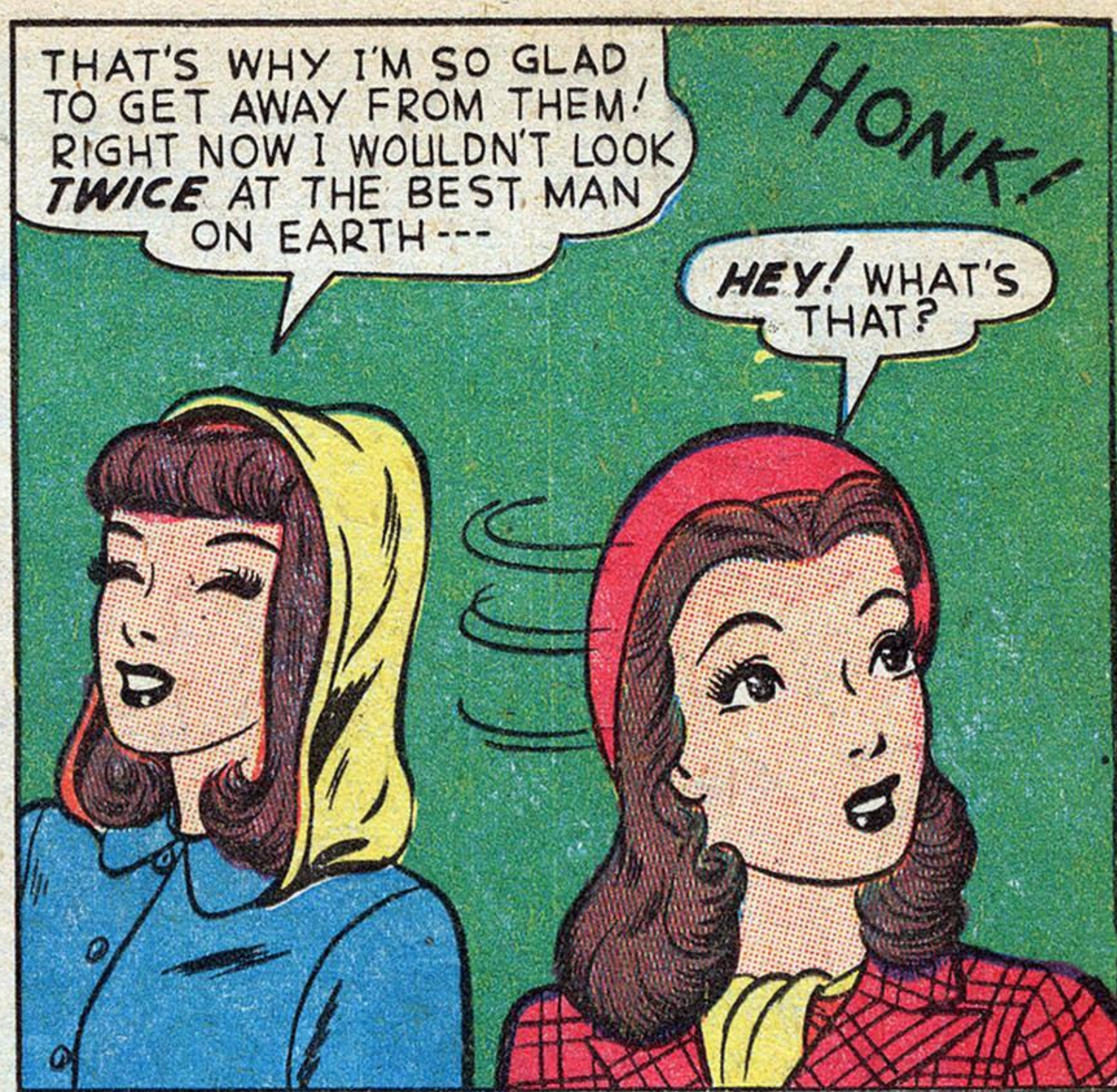
ISN'T THIS BEAUTIFUL, NANCY?

A LAND OF ROMANCE AND NOT A MALE FOR MILES—**PHOOEY!**

WE'RE ALMOST THERE, GANG!

THIS IS IT, FOLKS! THE MOST PEACEFUL SPOT ON EARTH—NOTHING BUT NATURE'S BEAUTY FOR MILES AROUND!

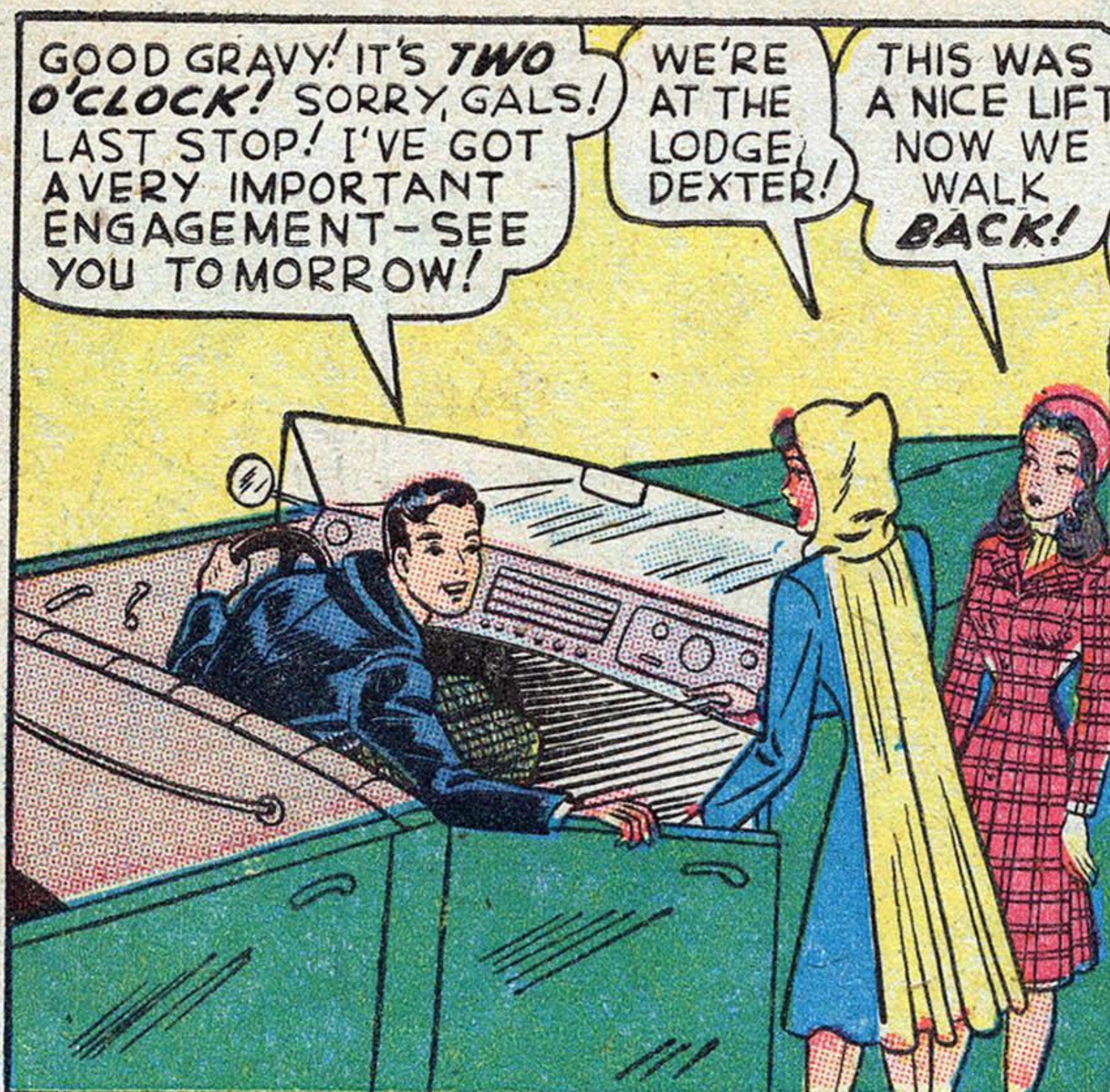
WE CAN ADMIRE IT LATER, STANLEY! BUT LET'S UNPACK NOW AND FIX SOMETHING TO EAT!





BY THE WAY,
MY NAME
IS DEXTER
DE SMYTHE!

I'M PATSY
AND THIS
IS NANCY!



GOOD GRAVY! IT'S **TWO O'CLOCK!** SORRY, GALS!
LAST STOP! I'VE GOT
A VERY IMPORTANT
ENGAGEMENT—SEE
YOU TOMORROW!

WE'RE
AT THE
LODGE,
DEXTER!

THIS WAS
A NICE LIFT—
NOW WE
WALK
BACK!

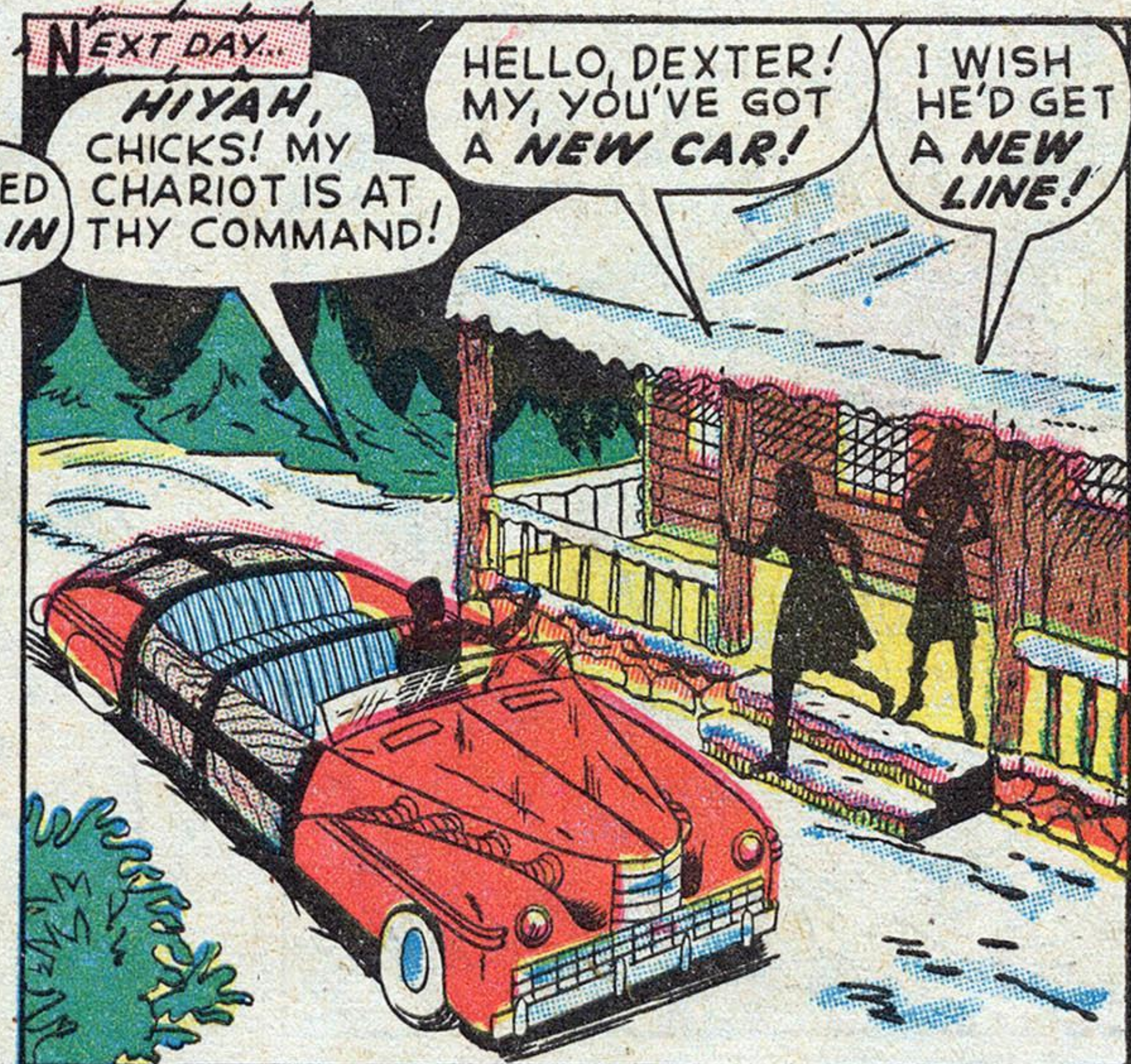
DEXTER DE SMYTHE! WHAT
A CAR AND WHAT
A SWANKY HOTEL!
I'LL BET HE'S A
MILLIONAIRE'S SON
— AND SO
HANDSOME, TOO!

WHAT ABOUT
**BUZZ AND
RIP?** OR
HAVE YOU
FORGOTTEN?



OH, BUZZ IS ALL RIGHT!
BUT AFTER ALL, HE'S
SO FAR AWAY AND A
GIRL DOES GET KINDA
LONELY WAY UP HERE!

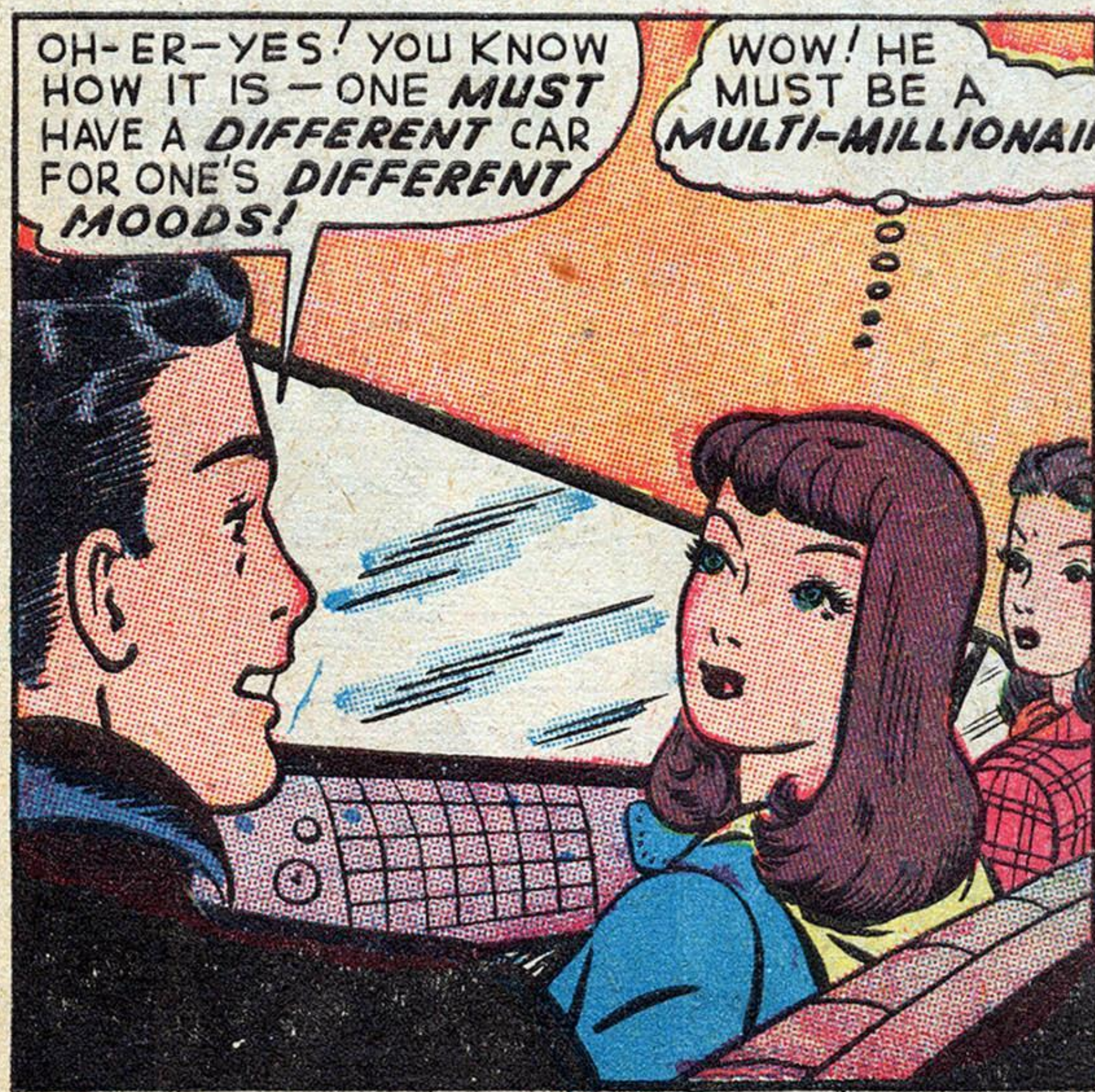
BEFORE "MONEY-
BAGS" SHOWED
UP YOU WERE
PRETTY WELL PLEASED
ABOUT OUR "**MOUNTAIN
RETREAT!**"



NEXT DAY...
HIYAH,
CHICKS! MY
CHARIOT IS AT
THY COMMAND!

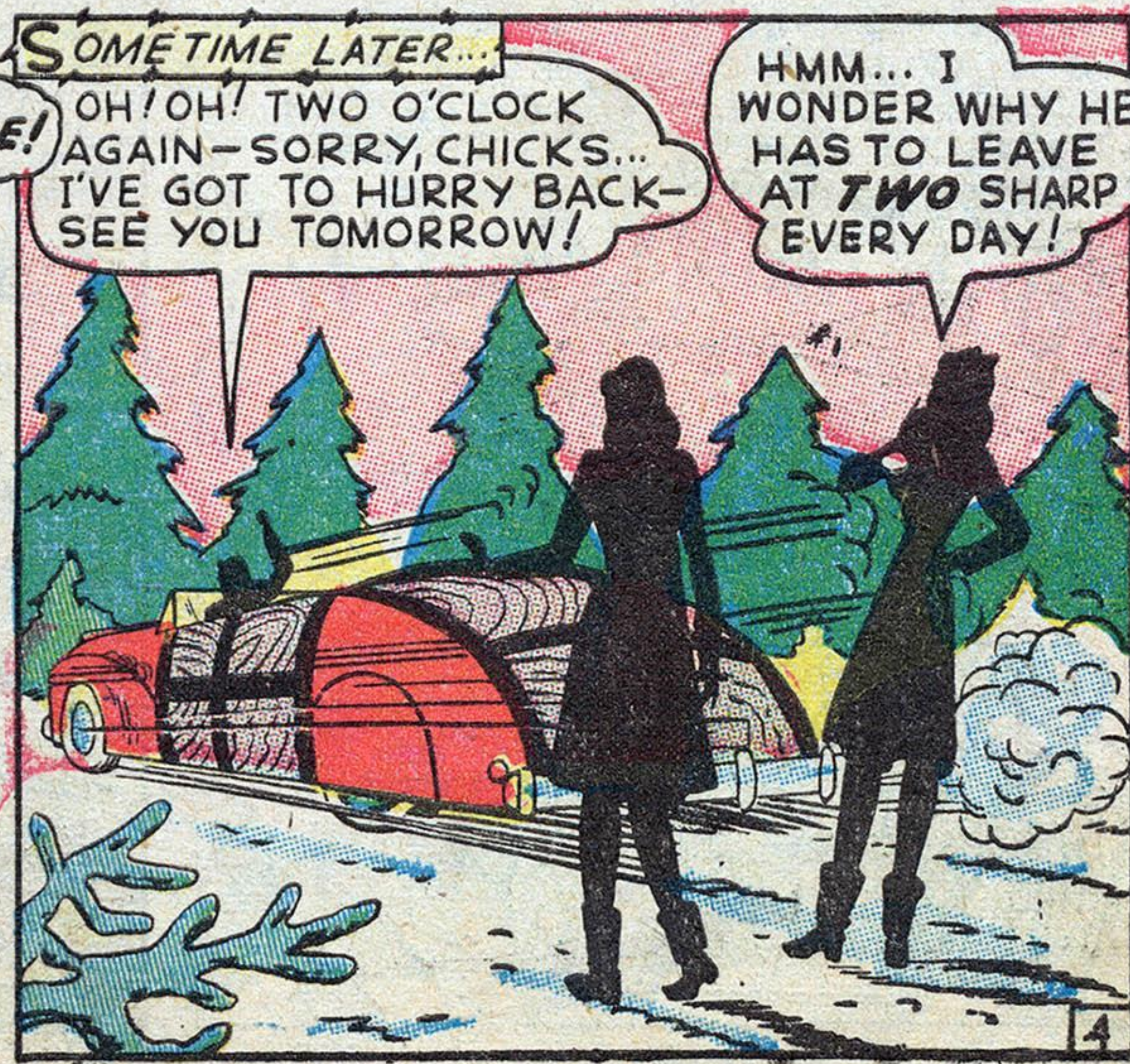
HELLO, DEXTER!
MY, YOU'VE GOT
A **NEW CAR!**

I WISH
HE'D GET
A **NEW
LINE!**



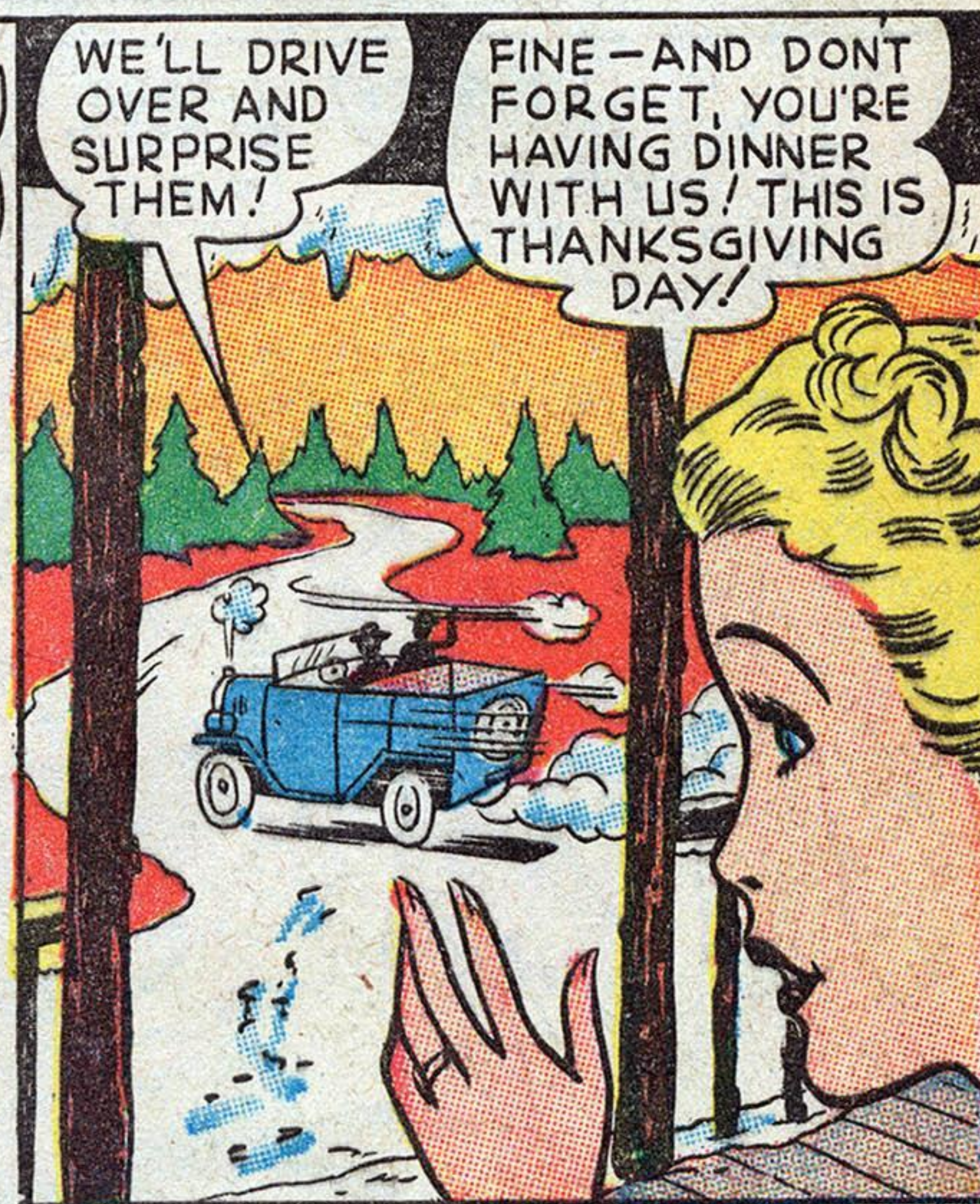
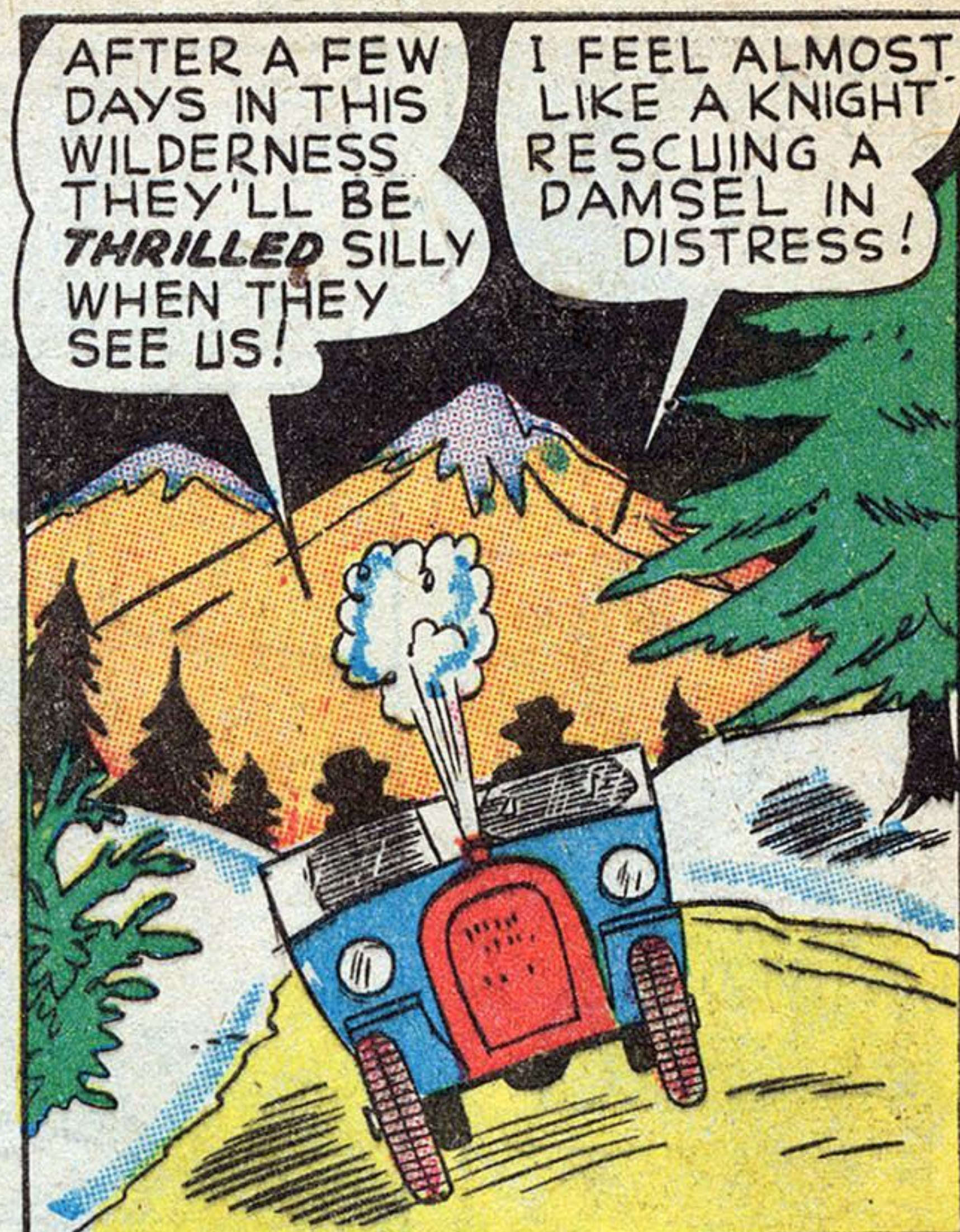
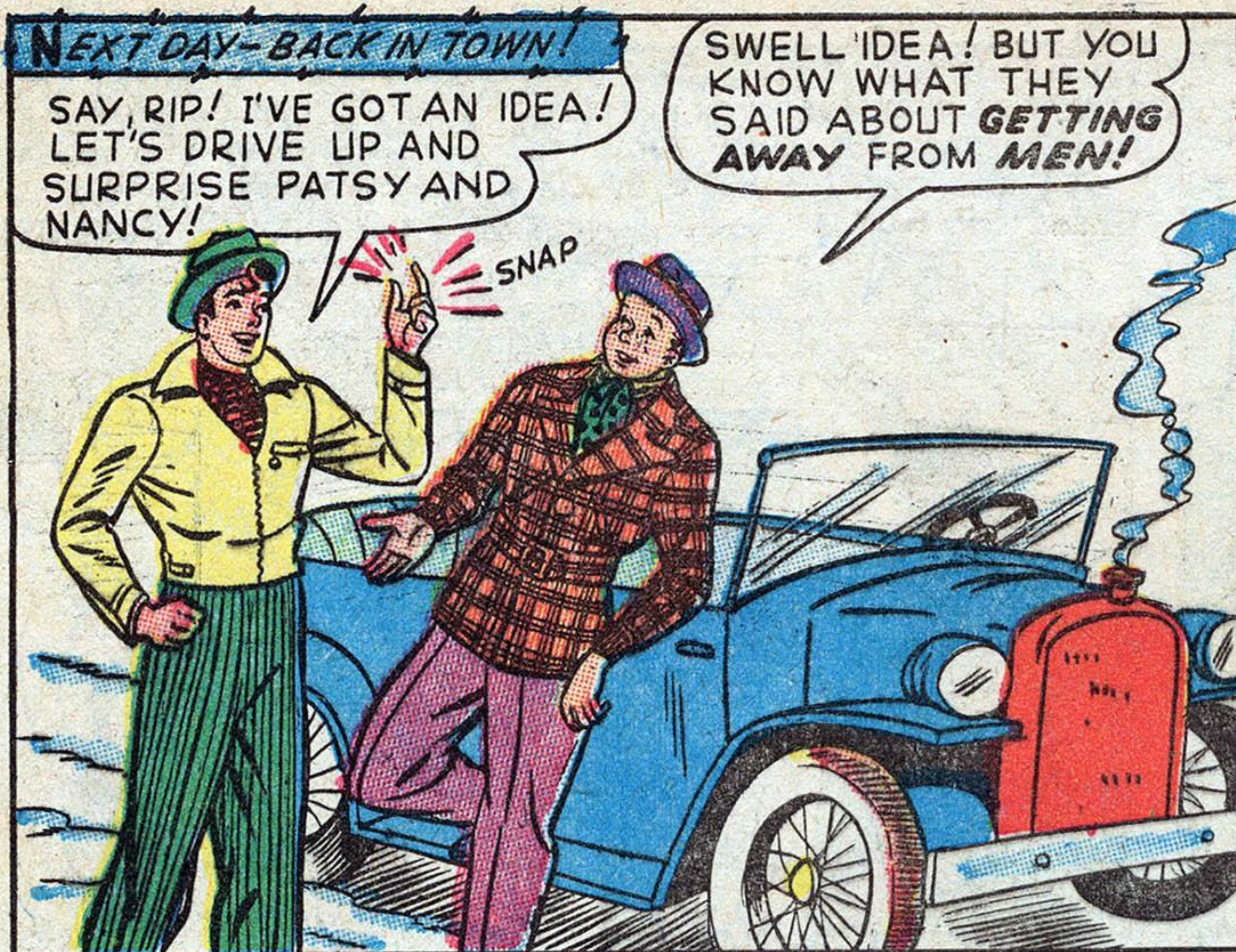
OH-ER-YES! YOU KNOW
HOW IT IS — ONE **MUST**
HAVE A **DIFFERENT** CAR
FOR ONE'S **DIFFERENT
MOODS!**

WOW! HE
MUST BE A
MULTI-MILLIONAIRE!



SOMETIME LATER...
OH! OH! TWO O'CLOCK
AGAIN—SORRY, CHICKS...
I'VE GOT TO HURRY BACK—
SEE YOU TOMORROW!

HMM... I
WONDER WHY HE
HAS TO LEAVE
AT **TWO SHARP**
EVERY DAY!





I THOUGHT THEY WERE TRYING TO GET AWAY FROM **MEN**!

"POOR, LONELY GALS" - BAH! LOOKS LIKE THEY GAVE US THE RUNAROUND ALL RIGHT!



MEANWHILE, BY A STRANGE COINCIDENCE, LOOK WHO WE FIND IN ANOTHER PART OF THIS HOTEL...

WHAT A DUMP! ALL THE "MEN" AROUND HERE ARE EITHER OVER 60 OR BALD, OR BOTH!

LET'S TAKE A WALK, HEDY! MAYBE SOME NEW MEN HAVE ARRIVED!



SUDDENLY...

WAIT! CAN IT BE? IT IS! **BUZZIE BAXTER!**

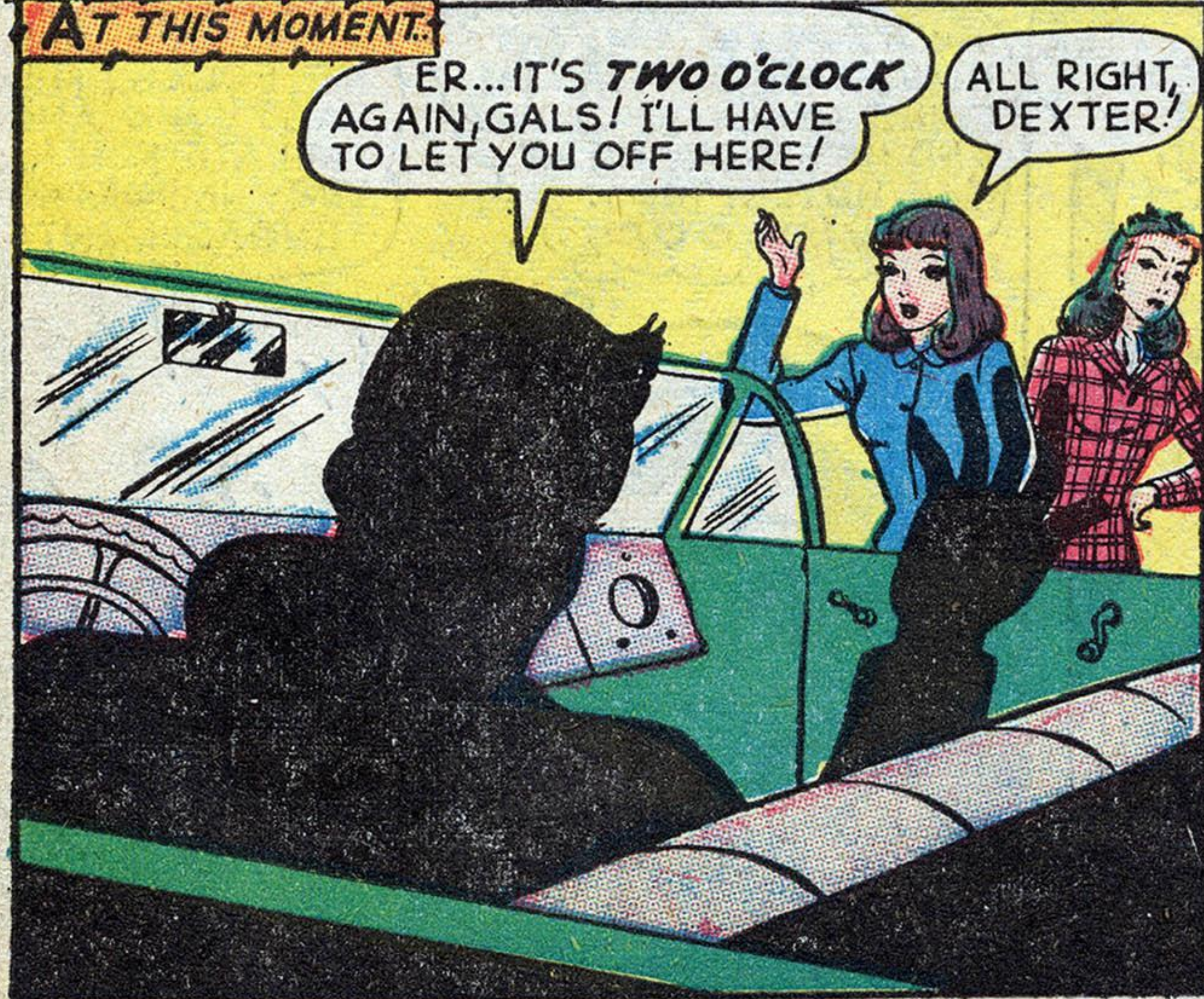


BUZZIE, DEAR, HOW DID YOU **EVER** FIND OUT THAT I WAS UP HERE PINING AWAY FOR **YOU**?

ER-UH-

AND AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU, BIG BOY!

WELL -I'M GL-GLAD TO SEE Y-YOU TOO-ULP!



AT THIS MOMENT...

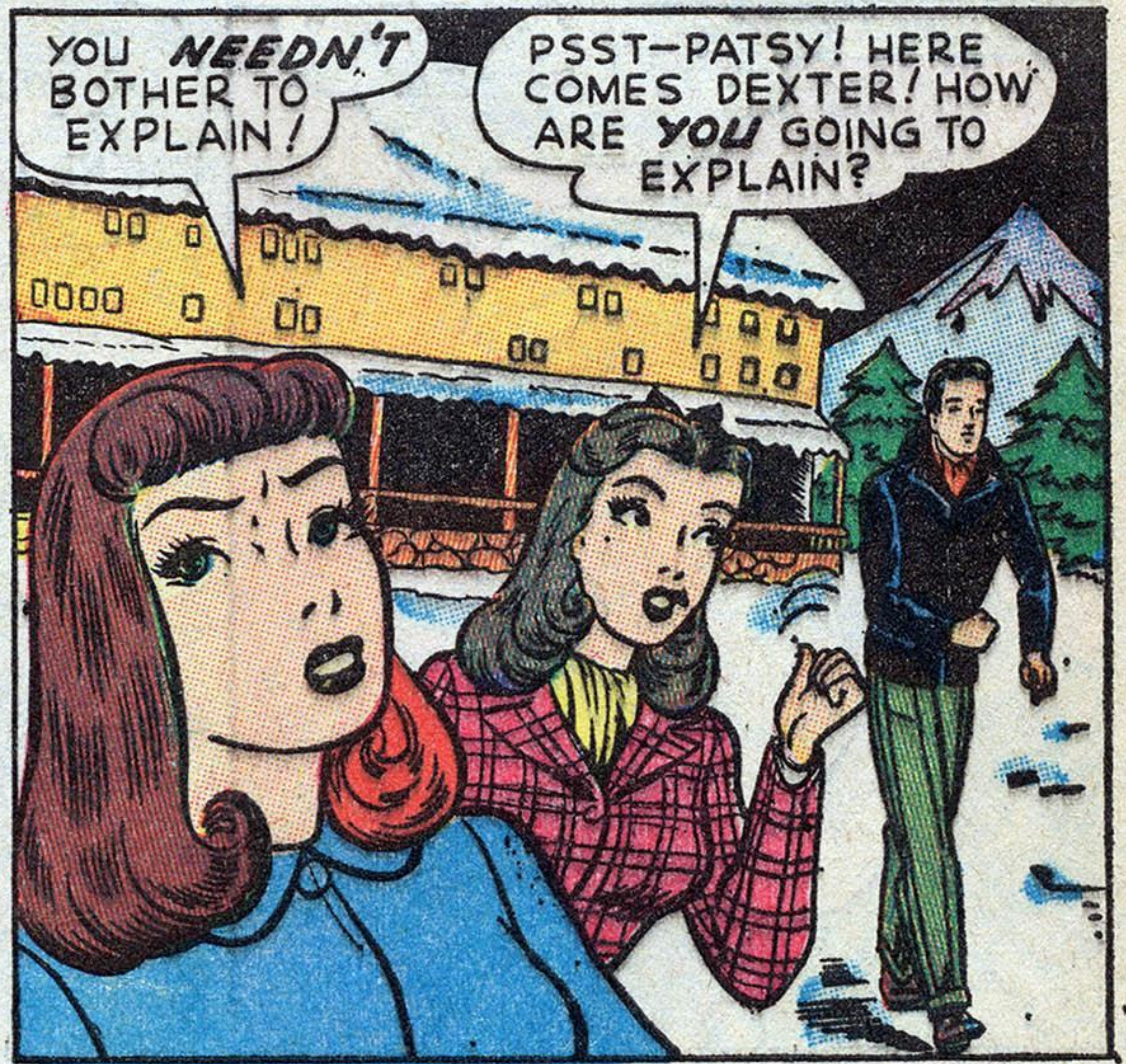
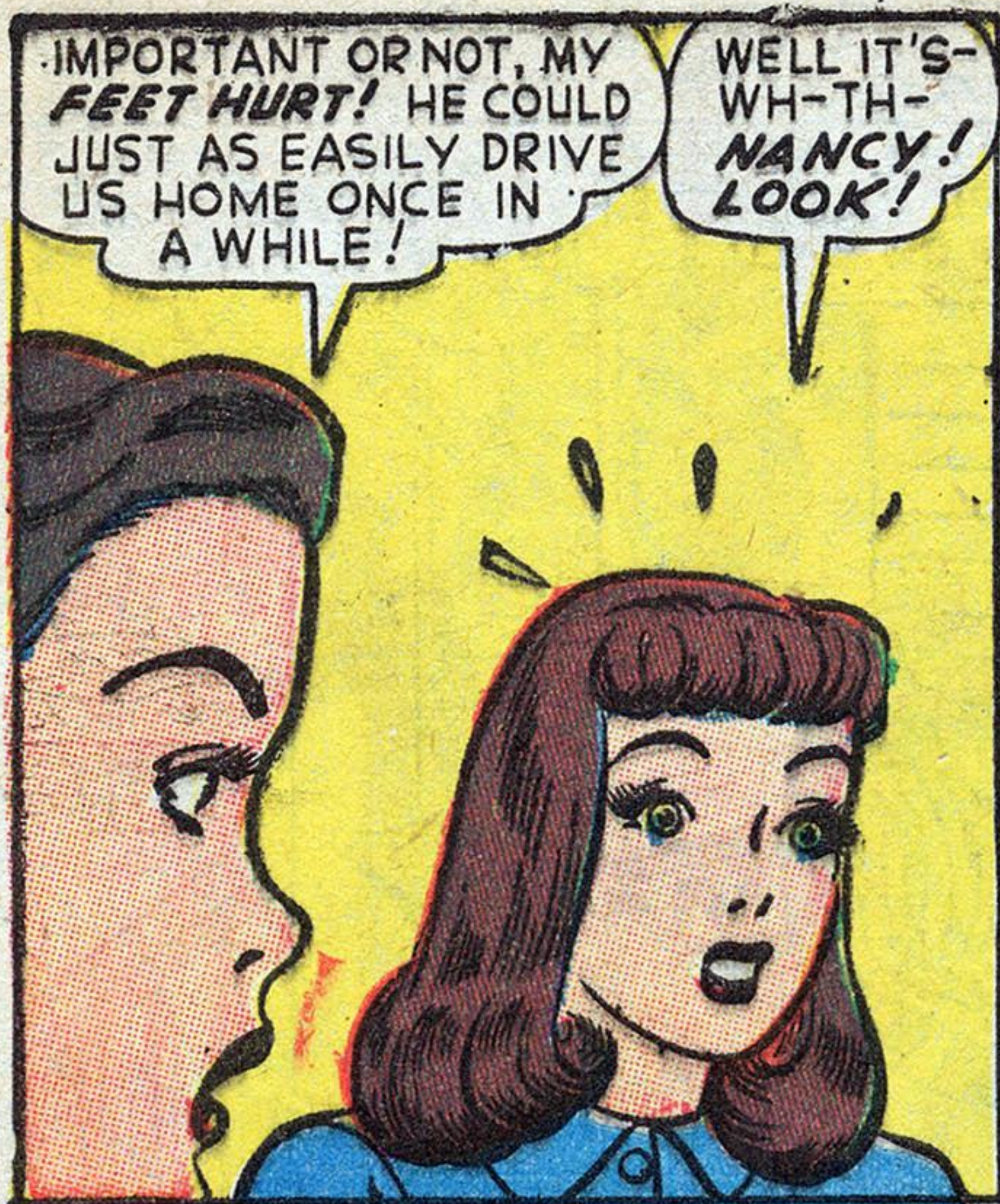
ER...IT'S **TWO O'CLOCK** AGAIN, GALS! I'LL HAVE TO LET YOU OFF HERE!

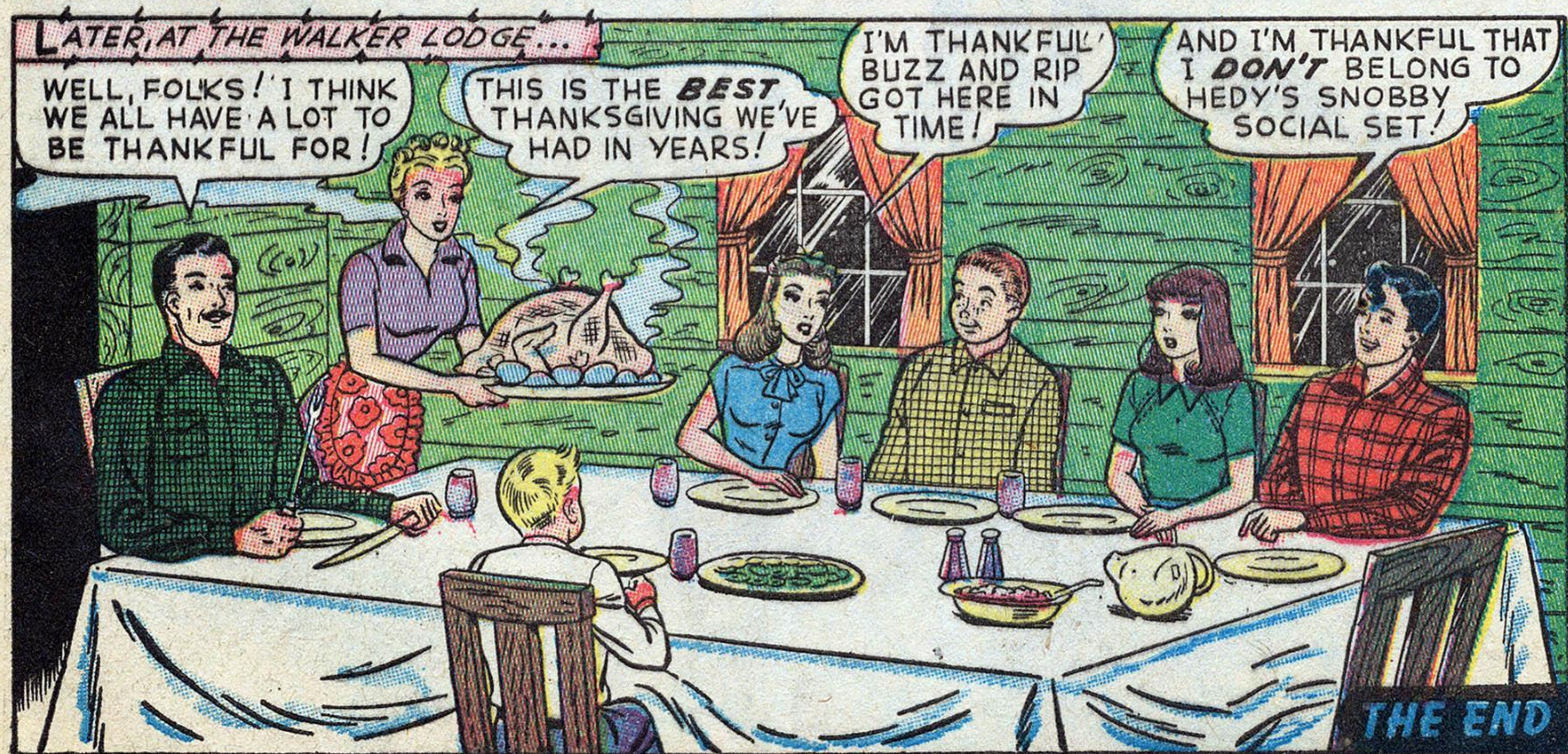
ALL RIGHT, DEXTER!



I WISH IT WOULD BE TWO O'CLOCK CLOSER TO HOME! WE ALWAYS HAVE SUCH A LONG WALK BACK!

I'M SURE HE HAS A VERY GOOD REASON FOR BEING BACK BY TWO-PROBABLY A **STOCKHOLDERS'** MEETING OR SOMETHING!





SOME THINGS

Won't

Wait!

WHEN A GIRL'S FATHER COMES HOME FROM THE WAR, THINGS ARE BOUND TO CHANGE! BUT WHAT WAS MARGOT TO DO WHEN THERE SHOULD HAVE BEEN A CHANGE . . . AND THERE WASN'T?

BY

ELIZABETH AKIN



"OH, Tom!" Margot wailed. "What am I going to do?"

"Knowing you," Tom grinned, "I'd say the answer to that question is . . . well . . . unpredictable."

"Be serious," she said emphatically. "This is no joke."

"This . . . what?" Tom wanted to know.

"Father!" she half-sobbed.

Tom shot her a quick look. "Well, I should hope not! A man with two purple hearts, to say nothing of the silver leaf, doesn't look like any joke to me."

"Father's the most wonderful man in the world," Margot declared. "But . . ." a sigh broke her silence, "he's got to be happy!"

"Happy? Don't tell me Mr. Blake's getting restless already. Why, he's been home only . . ."

"Of course he's not restless, silly!" Margot interrupted. "Father's so glad to be home it just makes your heart all spongy . . ."

"I don't get you," Tom broke in. "You're contradicting yourself, Margot."

She sighed. What good would talking do? Still

. . . she wasn't solving her problem *alone*. And after last night . . .

"Out with it," Tom was saying. "Maybe I can help."

She dabbed at her hot eyes. "Why can't Father see?" she blurted out. "How can he expect to find things exactly as they were when he went away, three years ago? Doesn't he realize I'm 16 years old?"

"Pos-i-tive-ly ancient!" Tom's lips puckered into a whistle that didn't make a sound.

"Boys are exasperating," Margot thought. "Maybe Tom's too young to appreciate my delicate problem."

"Tom," she said gently, "I hate to disillusion you, but we're no longer children."

"So, what?"

"Father threw a fit last night because I had a date."

"Hey! What date?" Tom sputtered. "You went with me to that skating party last night, didn't you?"

"Sure, silly!"

"Sa-ay!" A frown creased his forehead. "Do you

mean . . . did you go some place else . . . after the skating party?"

"Jeepers, but you're dumb, Tom Jones!" she scoffed.

"But . . ." he choked. Red spread to the roots of the scrawny forelock that always hung over his left eye.

"You're catching on," she nodded. "You've carried my books since we started to kindergarten. I just happened to use the word, *date*. But Father hit the ceiling. Then, after the first shock died down, he hugged me up on his lap the way he used to do, and talked and *talked*! Told me how proud he'd always been of his little girl. How he'd bragged to his pals in their foxholes and dreamed of things he'd do when he came home. It sounded as if the whole war were fought just to keep America a good place for little girls. Honestly, Tom, it was the most *thrilling* talk! Only . . ." She heard her own voice trail off and die away.

"Only . . . what?" Tom's eyebrows rose in question marks.

"Only, I'm not *little*! I want Father proud of his grown . . ." Something in Tom's look checked her. "Why can't he see I'm as nice now, as I was *little*?"

"Much nicer," Tom teased. "You used to pull hair."

"I'll ignore that remark," she said icily. "But Father doesn't even know I've . . . *changed*."

"Well, why don't you prove it?" Tom challenged.

"Prove what?"

"That you're . . . grown up, and . . . nicer."

"Just walk up, I suppose, and say: 'Look, Father,

I'm grown! Your *little* girl went away while you were fighting a war. *She won't ever come back!*' No, Tom, that would break Father's heart."

"Aw, shucks," Tom grinned. "Don't say anything. Just . . . well . . . just *act grown-up*."

"Meaning . . . exactly what?" She was tempted to pull his hair.

He pointed to her skates inside the front door. She'd left them there when she came from the party last night.

"Do you think it's *grown-up* to leave things lying around like that?"

She gasped. Was Tom becoming psychic? "Mother stumbled over them last night," she confessed. "That's what started the row."

"And you haven't put them away, yet?" He gave her a hard look. "You throw books and sweaters all over the place, too. I'll bet your room's a mess now—unless your mother's cleaned it for you."

"You can't talk to me like this, Tom Jones!" She started for the door.

He caught one of her curls. "Aw, Margot! I'm trying to help."

A sudden idea struck her. "Do you suppose Father'd notice if I began to . . . to straighten things around the house?"

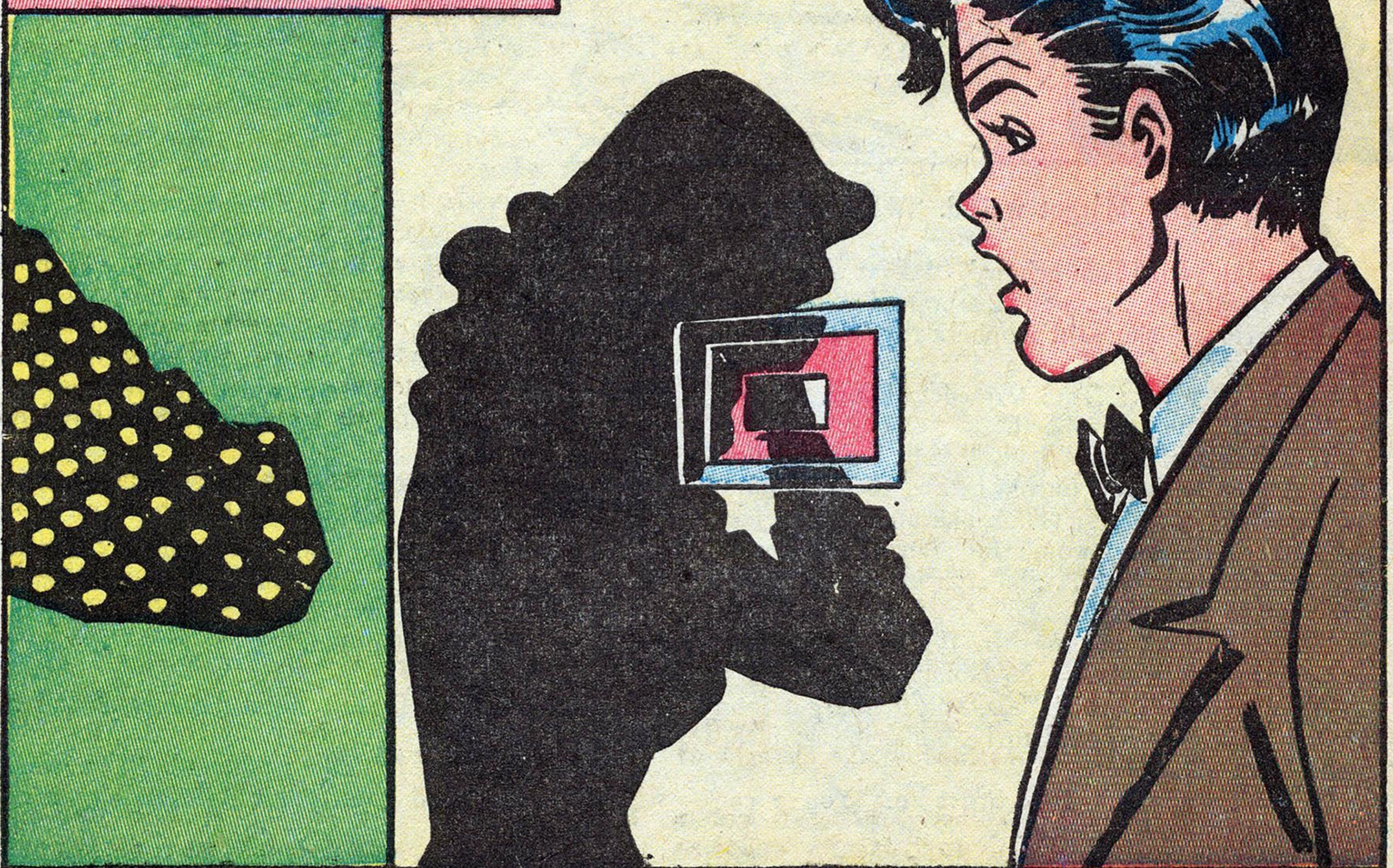
"How could he help it?"

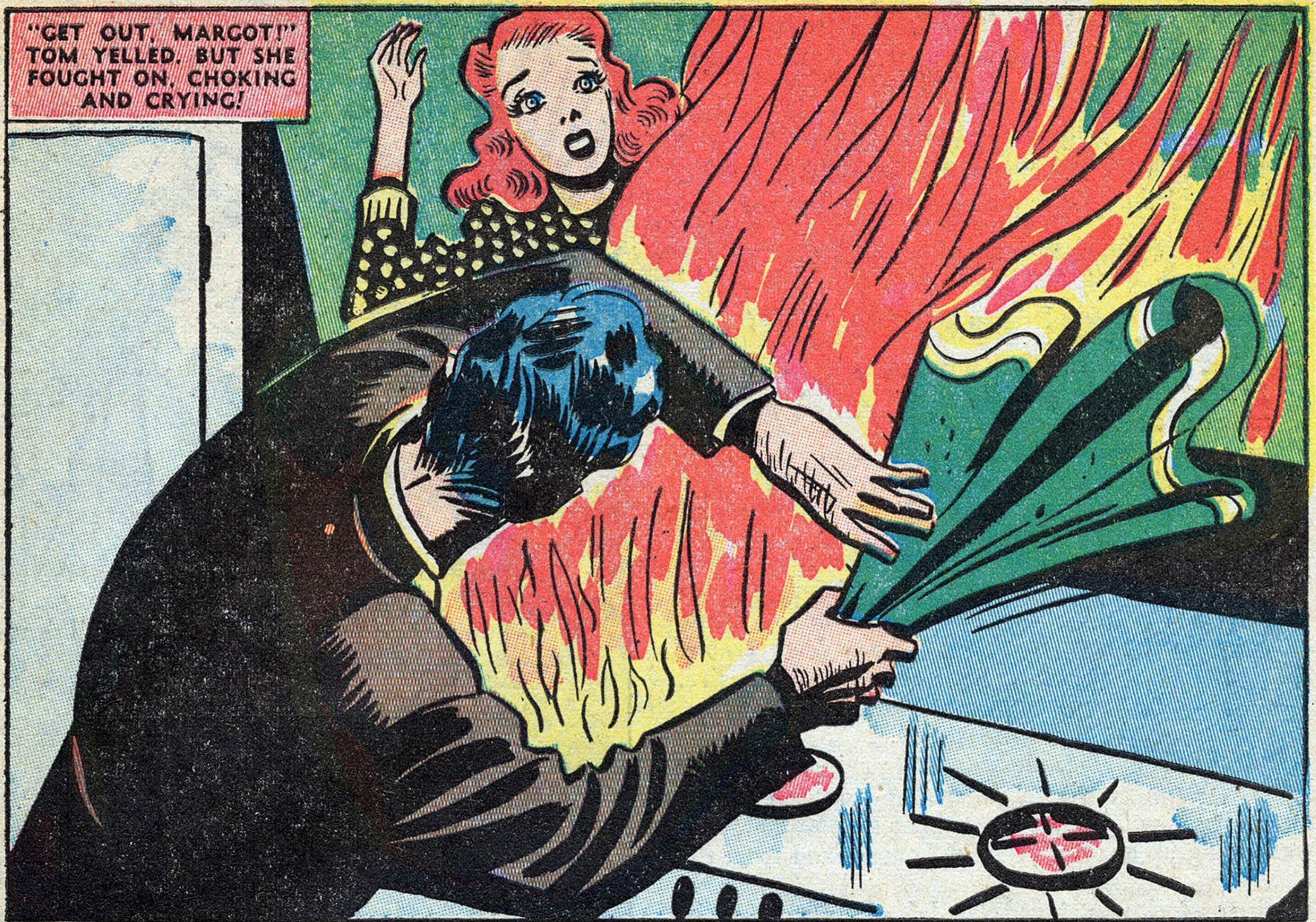
"I resent that remark," she flared.

But in her heart, she was ready to try anything to make Father realize the truth—if she could still keep him happy.

During the next few weeks she kept her room spot-

"I C-CAN'T HELP IT." SHE FELT TEARS ON HER CHEEKS. "FATHER'S BIRTHDAY MUSTN'T BE SPOILED—NOT FOR ANY-THING!"





less. No sweaters, books, or skates were left in the living room. She practiced playing the piano every day—at the proper time, instead of right after dinner when the dishes had to be washed.

"But does Father notice?" she complained to Tom. "The only time he's known about my neatness was yesterday when I put a book back into the library shelves."

"Keen!" Tom praised her. "That's a start!"

"But not good. It happened to be a book he'd just laid down because he was called to the phone."

"Uuh!" Tom's mouth dropped.

"One thing's good, though," she admitted. "My piano playing has improved with regular practice. I'm invited to play for the Junior-Senior banquet next Friday night."

"That ought to make your father proud."

She sighed. "But Friday's Father's birthday. We always celebrate. I hate to leave . . ." She suddenly remembered something. "Oh, Tom! Wait till you see my *formal* for the banquet!"

"*Formal*, huh!" He sounded disgusted.

"Boys don't appreciate what a formal does for a woman," she pouted. "But mine's black lace over turquoise taffeta, and . . ."

"Aw, save it!" he interrupted. "I wouldn't know about *any dress*—till I saw you in it."

She was angry because he interrupted her description of the formal, but thrilled at the thought of wearing it. Her first.

. . . Friday morning, Mother came down with a fever. "What *am* I going to do?" Margot wailed to

Tom over the back fence.

"Knowing you," he began, then checked himself. "Is there any reason why *you* can't bake your father's birthday cake?"

"I . . . I never baked a cake in my life. This one must be perfect. It's a special recipe Mother always uses."

Tom just looked at her. She wanted to scream. But that would only disturb Father and, maybe, make Mother worse. She began to feel ashamed. Tom might be right. The least she could do was *try*.

But it would take hours. Her fingers would be stiff from beating eggs and batter! Even now, she should be washing her hair and manicuring her nails. She closed her eyes to dream of taffeta under lace. The dream was clouded by visions of Father's birthday without his favorite cake.

"I'll *have to try*," she decided. "I can't let Father down."

In less than an hour the cake was in the oven. Forty minutes later, she took it out breathlessly. It was beautiful!

"Keen!" grinned Tom, who was underfoot, trying to help.

She prepared the vegetables—certain ones Father always expected for his birthday. The steak must be extra thick, broiled slowly, not too well-done. She found it in the ice box, seasoned it the way Mother always did, and laid it on the warm broiler.

"Hurry that steak," Tom urged later. "It'll be time for the banquet before your dinner's on the table."

Somehow the banquet didn't seem so important

now. Even the formal couldn't compete with Father's steak. "You set the table, Tom," she said as calmly as she could. "I'll cook the steak."

"If you'd turn the fire higher," Tom insisted, we . . .

"Father's steak has to broil slowly, *very* slowly."

"But time flies," Tom retorted, "and we'll be late."

"I c-can't help it." She felt tears on her cheeks. "Father's birthday mustn't be spoiled—not for *any* thing."

Tom's jaw dropped. "But the banquet . . . the . . . the *formal*?"

More tears coursed down her face. "The formal can wait, too."

Fifteen minutes later Father called from the dining room where he'd brought Mother, "Can I help my little girl?"

"No-no, thanks, Father," Margot made her voice cheerful. "Tom's a big help. I'm . . . I'm taking up the steak . . . now."

She started to lift the big steak. Her broiler pan tilted. Sudden flames leaped high. Her hands flew up to shield her face. The pan clattered to the floor. The flames spread. Through smoke, she saw Tom grab a towel, wet it at the faucet, and start beating the fire. She snatched a towel and began to help.

"Get out, Margot!" Tom yelled.

But she fought on, choking and crying. Suddenly Father's strong arms seized her and carried her to the dining room. Father quieted her and Mother, who was sitting up anxiously. Then Tom walked from the kitchen.

His forelock was singed. His left eyebrow was only a smudge. A long black streak crossed one cheek. "Fire's out," he announced. "The steak's not hurt, but the kitchen's badly smoked."

Margot couldn't hold back any longer. "I thought I was big!" she wailed, throwing herself into her father's gentle arms, "but I'm not. I can't even cook dinner without setting the house on fire!"

Father held her close. He didn't say a word.

He held her steady till the sobbing tapered off. Then he wiped her eyes with his big handkerchief. Setting her gently on her feet, he looked at the table and said, "Let's sample the birthday dinner. It looks wonderful."

With the first bite he declared: "Most delicious steak a man ever tasted!" And when the cake came: "Light as a feather! Melts in your mouth. I've got the nicest daughter in the whole world. Cooks like her mother, keeps a neat house, plays the piano . . ." He gave a sudden start. "Young woman, aren't you expected to play the piano at some banquet . . . or something, tonight?"

Margot choked. But Tom blared out, "Yes, sir, she is!"

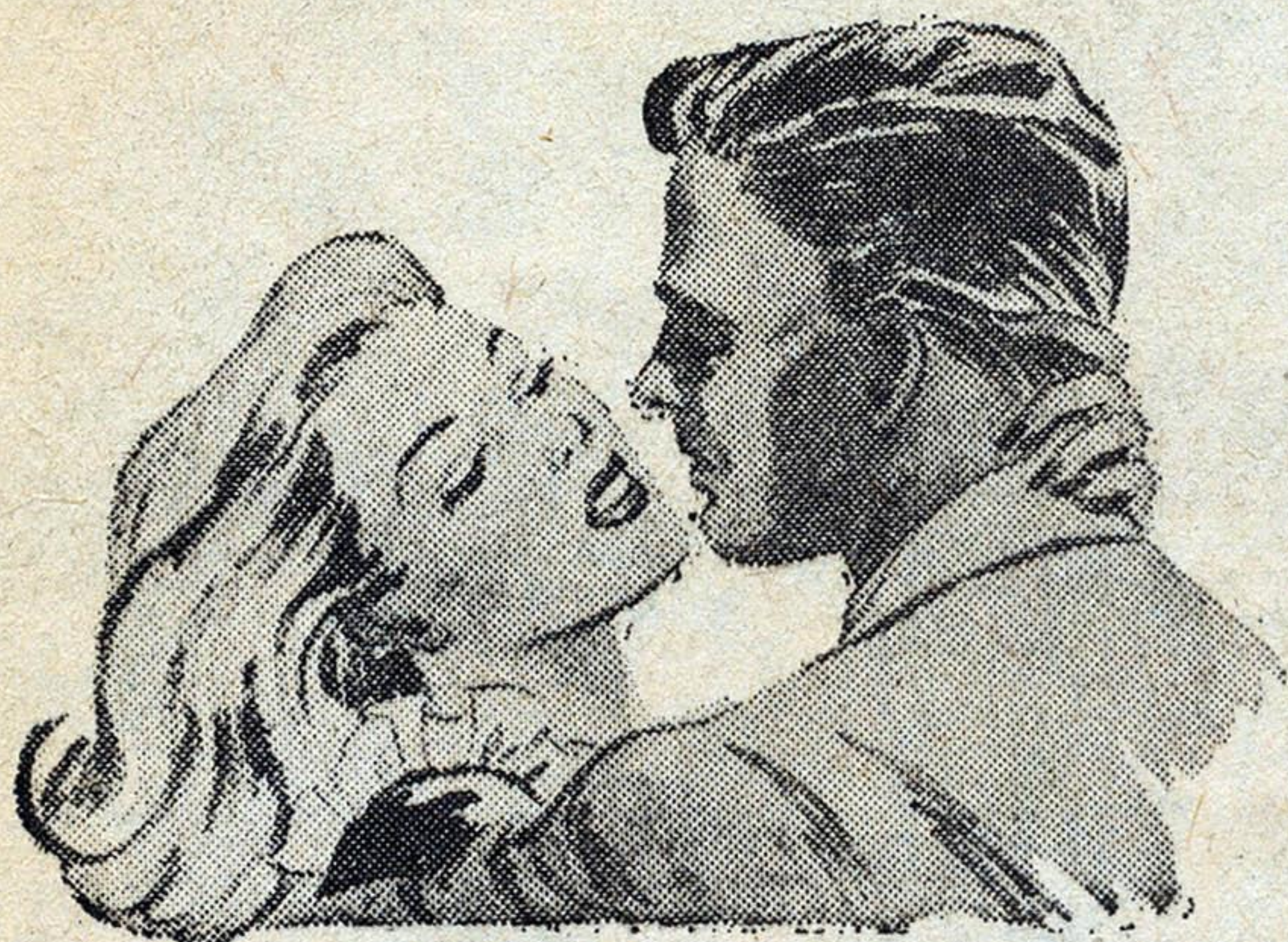
"Then you'd better get into that *formal* I've been hearing about," Father's tones were gentle and proud. "You're going to be the most beautiful woman at the banquet, honey." He turned to Tom. "I reckon a man that can handle a fire ought to be able to take care of a . . . *date*."

Tom's right eyebrow pointed up at Margot as if to say, "I told you so! A man knows you're grown up when you *act* like it!"

THE END



FATHER HELD HER CLOSE. HE DIDN'T SAY A WORD



It's **EASY**
to
Win Him!

... when You Know How!

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How To Make Him Enjoy Your Company
How To Interest Him In You
How To Have Personality
How To Overcome Inferiority
How To Be Well-Mannered
How Not To Offend Him

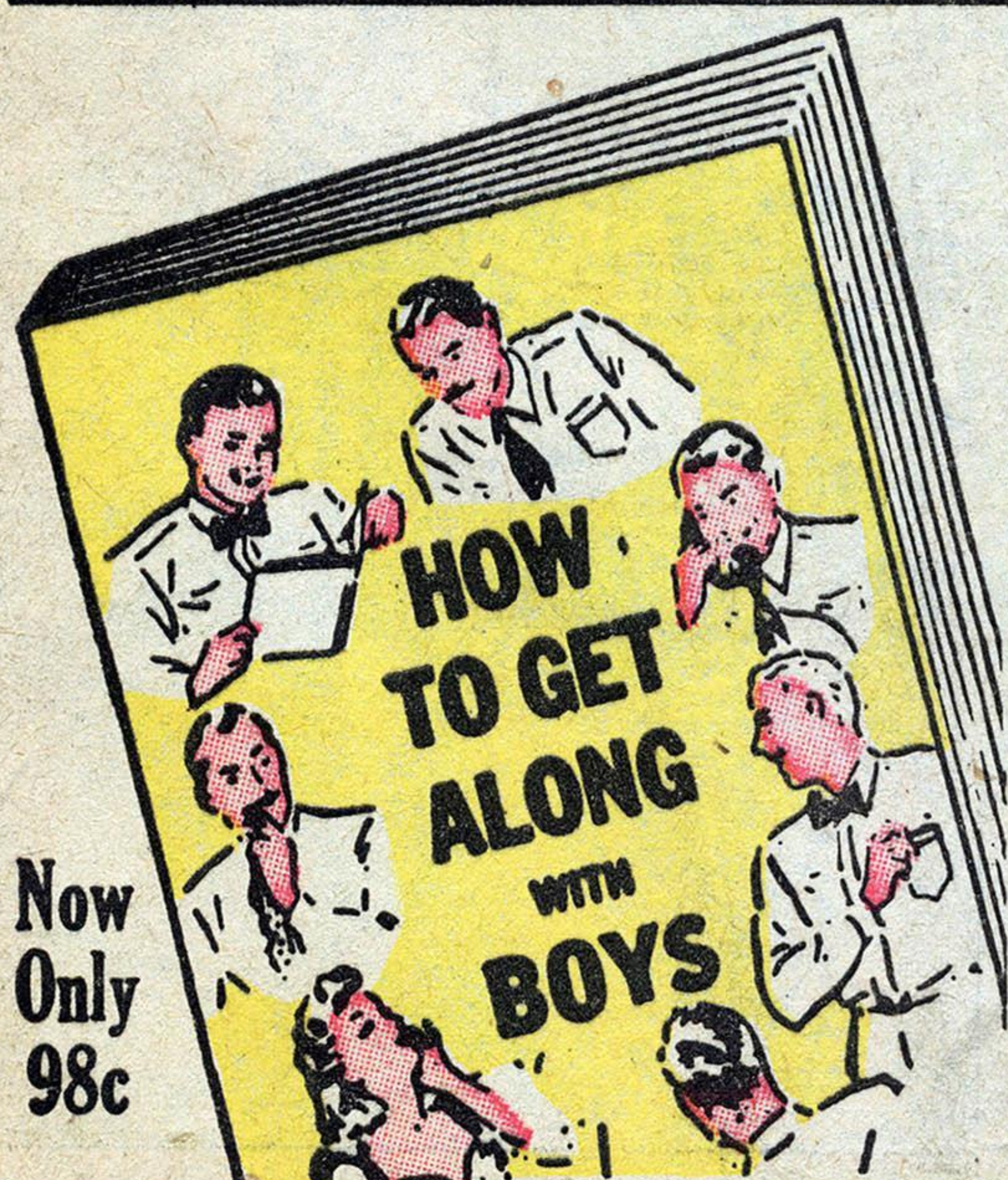
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68. Men's Ring—flashing, extra large, replica diamond. White or yellow gold color effect.



66. Men's Ring—flashing replica diamond—smaller stone on each side. White or yellow gold color effect.



73. Ladies' Cameo Ring. Yellow gold color effect.



44. Men's Wedding Ring. Yellow or white gold color effect, or sterling silver.



39. Ladies' Solitaire Ring. 3 sparkling simulated diamonds. White gold color effect.



53. Egyptian Ring—unusual design. Very odd.



64. Men's simulated large square cut ruby. Yellow gold color effect.



74. Men's Ring—brilliant replica diamond. Yellow gold color effect. Gypsy setting.



61. Ladies' Engagement Ring with 5 large brilliant simulated diamonds. Yellow gold color effect.



23. Ladies' Engagement Ring, exceptionally brilliant simulated diamond. Tiffany Style setting. White or yellow gold color effect.



33. Large Ladies' Ring. Simulated diamond—2 smaller sized stones. Yellow or white gold color effect.



58. Indian Head Ring. Head is stamped in gold leaf.



20. Ladies' Engagement ring with 5 brilliant simulated diamonds. Yellow gold color effect.



57. Hand Carved Corozo Nut Ring—Indian Head.



70. Men's Ring—fine replica diamond. Yellow gold color effect.



10. Child's Signet Ring. Yellow or white gold color effect.



7. Love & Friendship Ring. Solid sterling silver with 2 hearts linked. Forget-me-not design.



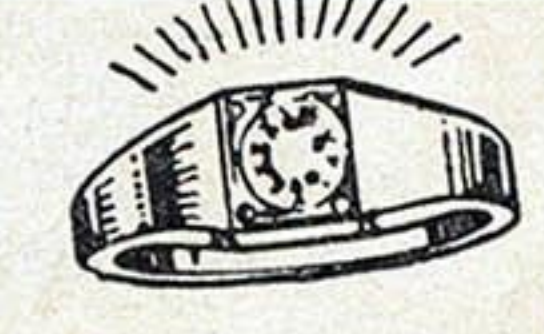
60. Ladies' Engagement Ring set with large center simulated diamond and small stones on sides. Yellow gold color effect.



18. Ladies' Birthstone Ring. White or yellow gold color effect or sterling silver. Give month of birth for proper stone color.



67. Men's Ring—large brilliant replica, white diamond. White gold color effect.



12. Men's Ring with simulated diamond in square mounting. Yellow or white gold color effect.



35. Men's Signet Ring. White gold color effect or sterling silver.



43. Ladies' Wedding Band. 7 large brilliant simulated diamonds. White or yellow gold color effect or sterling silver.



4. Friendship Ring solid sterling silver. Smart popular Sweetheart design.



19. Ladies' Solitaire Engagement ring. Filigree mounting white gold color effect or sterling silver.



25. Ladies' Plain Wedding Band. Yellow or white gold color effect, or sterling silver.



30. Ladies' Birthstone Ring—stones come in all colors. Sterling silver mounting (stamped in ring). State color stone desired.



38. Ladies' Solitaire Ring. Center stone is genuine diamond chip. Solid sterling silver mounting.



24. Love & Friendship Ring. Solid sterling silver. Beautifully engraved. Also used as Wedding ring.



37. Love & Friendship Ring. Chased design also used as wedding ring. Yellow or white gold effect, or sterling silver.



5. Men's Ring with single sparkling simulated diamond—yellow gold color effect.



11. Wedding Ring. Raised floral design. White gold or yellow color effect, or sterling silver.



71. Ladies' Engagement ring. White gold color effect. Tiffany setting. Large single stone.



76. Ladies' Ring. Yellow gold color effect. (Fancy Design. Large single stone.)



59. Wedding Ring—beautifully chased. Yellow or white gold color effect or solid sterling silver.



48. Wedding Band with sparkling simulated diamonds. White or yellow gold color effect or sterling silver.



41. Ladies' Solitaire Ring with large center simulated diamond and 6 smaller stones. Yellow or white gold color effect.



45. Corozo Nut Ring Hand Carved. Set with simulated pearl. (Comes in various designs.)



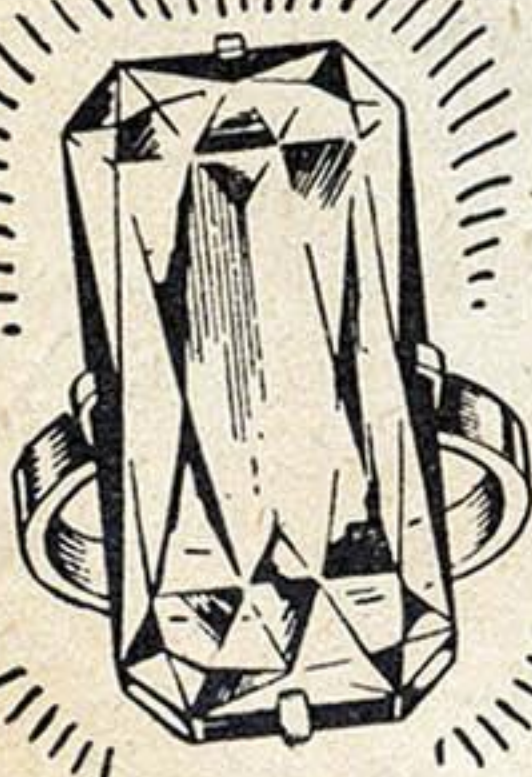
77. Ladies' Engagement Ring. Replica diamond with smaller stone on each side. White gold color effect.



72. Men's Large Cameo Ring—black & white or brown & white stone. White gold color effect, or sterling silver.



22. Ladies' Solitaire engagement ring. Extra large, brilliant simulated diamond. Yellow or white gold color effect.



65. Extra Large Dinner Ring—yellow gold plate over sterling silver. Stone comes in all colors.

YOU MUST BE PLEASED OR YOUR MONEY BACK IN 10 DAYS

SEND NO MONEY: Just select ring you desire, indicate choice by number on coupon below—mail with ring size, name and address. (For ring size place string or piece of paper around finger. Mark where end reaches. Send with order.) When postman delivers package pay him \$1.94 plus postage and C.O.D. charges. If you send \$2 cash or money order with order, we pay all postage.

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30 Church St., Dept. T-557 New York 7, N. Y.



42. Hand Clasp Love & Friendship Ring. Rings come apart to form 2 rings. Made of sterling silver.

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First Choice ☐ Second Choice ☐ Third Choice ☐ Ring Size ☐

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NOTE: Nice Jewelry is still scarce. We may not always have your size in the style you want. To avoid disappointment please mark 2nd and 3rd choice in coupon.

ADVICE TO MISS AMERICA READERS FOR BAD SKIN

Stop Worrying Now About Pimples, Blackheads

And Other Externally Caused Skin Troubles

JUST FOLLOW SKIN DOCTOR'S SIMPLE RULES



Have you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars whom you admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely, soft white skin, were all born just like you with a lovely smooth skin?

The truth is that many girls and women do not give their skin a chance to show off the natural beauty that lies hidden underneath those externally caused pimples, blackheads and irritations. For almost anyone can have the natural, normal complexion which is in itself beauty. All you have to do is follow a few amazingly simple rules.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life — dates, romance, popularity, social and business success — only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours — take my word for it! — no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time cause the pores to become larger and more susceptible to dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores begin to form blackheads which become in-

fectured and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the double Viderm treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, unbeautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.



The double Viderm treatment is a formula prescribed by a skin doctor with amazing success, and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates and acts as an anti-septic upon your pores. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too — in fact, your money will be refunded

if it doesn't. Use it for only ten days. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Your dream of a clear, smooth complexion may come true in ten days or less.

Use your double Viderm treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

Incidentally, while your two jars and the doctor's directions are on their way to you, be sure to wash your face as often as necessary. First use warm water, then cleanse with water as cold as you can stand it, in order to freshen, stimulate and help close your pores. After you receive everything, read your directions carefully. Then go right to it and let these two fine formulas help your dreams of a beautiful skin come true.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. 237 New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. If you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm double treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and twelve thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it! — the treatment must work for you, or it doesn't cost you a cent.



(Advertisement)